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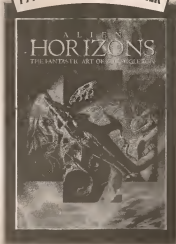
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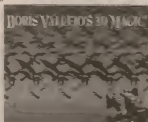
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interZone

March 1996

105

science fiction & fantasy

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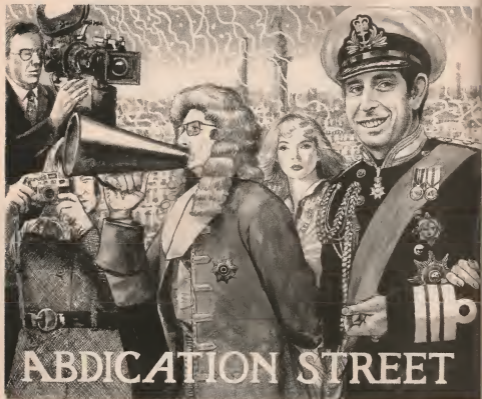
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"Perfect place to plot," commented Isaac Judaovich as they were admitted into the Happy Guys Club, "this nest of parasites, old guard, nouveau money, witless younger sons, yankee reds, perfumed exquisites and mad Jews. We Russians love to plot, Cinzia. I say this was where they plotted to sack poor Georgi."

Though it was early, the function room was athrong with fashionably-dressed writers, actresses, poets, and wireless and televisniks. Cinzia Davidovna Bronstein saw a lot of silver lipstick mouths and silver foil mini-dresses. All the men had hair down to their bums, Tartar plaits threaded with ceramic beads.

Half the people at the party were drunk. Customarily first to the bar, the guest of honour was very drunk. Three quarters of an hour ago, on the early news, Georgi Sanders was noticeably squiffy as he quoted Duma leader Kissinger's latest denials.

Nineteen seventy-two had not so far been a good year for Old Russia. Maybe 1973 would be better. She should ask Isaac. He was supposed to be the seer.

"It's a marvel ITV were satisfied with giving the old soak his cards," Isaac muttered to her through a long-range rictus of ingratiation directed at programme

planners across the room. The grin disturbed his fiercely generous sideburns and set *payesses* jiggling under the rim of his conical cabbalist cap. "Something permanent with poison would be more in the style of our new masters."

Georgi, news anchor for as long as she could remember, was staggering, unable to coordinate his long body, dark vodka spots on his electric blue velvet evening jacket. In the centre of the room, he held court for the last time. After tonight, it was off to Siberia or into the library with a bottle and a bullet.

"I'm wrong," said Isaac. "The decision to axe Georgi would have been taken at a much higher level."

"At a board meeting?" said Cinzia.

"No my dear, at the highest level. *Batiushka*."

"The Tsar?" she whispered.

"He's majority shareholder in ITV. There was a time when politicians could have stopped him, but the Duma are tearing themselves to bits over *Indochina* and the scandals."

Isaac arranged fingers against his forehead and fluttered his eyes shut, as he did on tele before uttering his popular predictions.

"I foresee that Nicholas III will wrestle the Duma.



Illustrations by Gerry Emice

He dreams of winning back the power Nicholas Alexandrovich had to give up in 1916."

A young man in a white polo neck kaftan and sparkly smoked glasses wound through the revellers towards them. Before he could speak, Isaac flung out a hand to fend him off.

"This is Harlan," he said. "He's supposed to be a cultural attaché, but everybody knows he's a spy."

The American was devastated by Isaac's perception.

"Just because I'm from the USSA doesn't mean I can't be a swinger, Ike."

"Ike!" Isaac spat, delighted with disgust. "Ike! Harlan is a godless communist barbarian for all his democratic hipster threads. Admit it, you come here for the secrets."

"All the best *girlchiks* are here, comrade citizen." Harlan was looking at Cinzia over his silly spectacles.

"Are you a model, sister?"

She didn't have to have cabbalist powers of insight to recognize that for flannel.

"Make-up girl, actually. With this lighting, I'd use Number 5."

"Cinzia has no secrets, Harlan."

"Nichevo," the American mispronounced. He was

distracted, eyes pulled to one side.

Cinzia turned. A ballerina was walking by in a backless dress, a face painted in red on her elegant shoulderblades, blind eyes rolling over taut back muscles.

Harlan was off in pursuit.

"Is he really a spy?"

Isaac smiled mystically, losing his hands in the sleeves of his symbol-spotted robe.

"The United Socialist States of America doesn't have a culture, so what would be the point of a cultural attaché?"

"He doesn't seem like one of those ascetic Caponists."

"He's been corrupted. That's Petrograd for you. Varoomshka is the mistress of Admiral Beria. Bound to be with SMERSH."

Harlan tried to French kiss the small of the ballerina's back. She turned in his drunken embrace, showing predatory teeth, and dragged him onto the tiny dance-floor. They spasmed about in an attempt at the new French dance, *le Bompse*.

"Interesting people you meet in this business."

Television was not her first choice career. She had wanted to be a doctor, but abandoned college for a

saxophone player. Now, at 23, she was a paint-slapper for Imperial Television. She had not stopped telling herself it was temporary.

Applause exploded from the main door. Someone special must have entered to make the glamorous people of Petrograd's closed little world of tele abandon their normal collective pose of languid boredom.

It was Brynner, striding in baggy trousers, soft leather boots and immaculately-cut *moujik* smock. Though it was spring, he had a heavy military coat draped over his shoulders. Nobody knew quite how much the coat was an affectation; the star wanted to fight in Indochina, and had volunteered to take the place of a conscript soldier. The army turned him down as too old, but he continued to wear the coat.

"I predict Yul will have a shock at the next script meeting."

"Why's that?" Cinzia asked.

Brynner carried himself like a king. There was authority in everything he did. Now he held out his hand, never looking away from Sanders, and someone placed a glass in it. He was famous as Prince Bolkon-sky in *The Rostovs*, ITV's most successful beet opera.

"Because Natasha's going to go by August."

"Mother will be devastated. She always says Natasha's not really a bitch, just misunderstood."

"That's as may be, but the board just looked at Talia Gurdin's demand for a pay hike and have decided Tasha Rostova is going to be kidnapped by a flying samovar and returned to Earth as a disfigured hag. A chin-dimpled plastic surgeon played by Issur Demsky will reconstruct her in the likeness of a more affordable actress who happens to be mistress of the Head of Quality Drama."

"But that's ridiculous!"

"Cinzia Davidovna, it's no more ridiculous than anything else that happens in *The Rostovs*. Remember when everyone was assassinated by anarchists but it turned out to be Natasha's dream? Nothing in tele is real. The more unreal it is, the more the people like it."

Isaac Judaiovich was difficult: always complaining, usually patronising, probably a leech. But it wasn't all charlatanry: he really could see the future. In cab-balist robes, he was presenter of ITV's top-rated gruel-time show, *It's Your Fate*. He began with a mystic weather forecast, ran through everyone's horoscopes and read tarot for guest celebrities to whom he was spectacularly rude ("I see you in the future," he had told Peter Ustinov, "entering your anecdote"). He used means occult and mathematical to try to predict winning lottery numbers. He had never yet been right, but millions believed in his guidance. His strongest suit was predicting the career reversals of politicians and the romantic down-turns of film stars. Much of it came from sitting in the Happy Guys Club and listening. If you needed gossip, Isaac Judaiovich had it.

"What will Brynner do?" she asked.

"Go back to the *kinos*. He's signed up for a cosack picture in which he leads a band of mercenaries in saving a poor village from a band of marauding Chechens."



At the far end of the room, by the tall windows, gathered a drunken mainly male group. Ilya Kuriakin, the game show host, was at its centre. A scar-faced lad

hauled a revolver out of his kaftan.

"*Bozhe moi!*" exclaimed Isaac, foreseeing trouble.

The gun-owner spun the chamber and handed it over. Kuriakin drunkenly waved the revolver around, an extremely effective way of getting elbow-room. He sat on a velvet-upholstered chair, and, gripping the weapon with both hands, held the barrel against his rainbow-pattern left boot about where his big toe would be. The room fell silent as Kuriakin squinted down, tongue sticking out as he tried to focus through vodka fog. The hammer clicked against an empty chamber. Everyone cheered. Kuriakin bowed, spun the chamber and handed the gun to another man.

Kuriakin was another tele personality, presenter of *Russian Roulette*. Ordinary people came on and spun a giant mock-up revolver. If they got an "empty chamber" they won a fortune. If they got the "bullet", they had to give all they owned, down to their children's toys, to charity.

Bloody silly, really.

"Cinzia, you look troubled," Isaac said.

"Nothing's wrong," she said.

Apart from the fact that she had no chance of getting back into medical school unless Mother won the lottery or her brother got a job. The odds of winning the lottery were 18 million to one. A better bet than Vladimir getting a job.

"Nothing's wrong, child," Isaac pronounced, "but nothing's right either."

"*Nichevo*," she shrugged. Lousy job, few prospects. She was off men, too.

The seer took an empty ashtray and scooped melt-water from an ice-bucket. Sacramentally, he put the ashtray on the table.

"Take my hands," said the seer, "and we'll penetrate the veil of the future."

Yeah, sure, she thought, giving him her hands anyway.

"Now look into the water. What do you see?"

An ashtray full of water.

Isaac stared intently. His face reddened and veins in his temples throbbed as though he were suffering from constipation, yet his hands grasped hers gently.

"You will marry a prince," he said, matter-of-factly.

"I know you don't believe me and I don't blame you. But sometimes, just sometimes, I see things so clearly you could almost be watching tele. Cinzia Davidovna, before this year's leaves have fallen, you will be married to a man who is wealthy, kind, dignified and courageous beyond words. And a Prince."

She laughed. He laughed. She leaned over and kissed him. "You are too kind, Isaac Judaiovich."

He shrugged. "You'll see."

Cologne stung her nostrils as someone cooed into a free space by their table. A hand settled on her shoulder.

"Prince Yussupov, what a pleasure," lied Isaac as the new newscaster sat next to them. The Prince

didn't take his hand off her shoulder.

"You dirty old dog, Asimov," said Prince Felix Dimitrovich Yussupov, looking at her as if she were a plate of strawberries in honey. "Who's your charming young friend?"

"Prince Yussupov, may I introduce Cinzia Davidovna Bronstein."

"Are you a good little Jewish girl, Cinzia Davidovna, or might we be fortunate enough to assume you consort with *goyim*?"

The Prince was in his late 20s, six-feet-something tall, built like an Olympic athlete. His blonde hair was permed, his flared jeans and jacket were of fashionably-distressed *fabric de Nîmes*, and his cheese-cloth shirt was open at the chest to reveal a cultivated thatch of hair and a gold icon with an inset diamond the size of a quail's egg.

"It depends," she said.

"On what?" said the Prince.

"Whether he's a *mensh* or a *schmuck*."

"You have beautiful cheekbones. I would very much like to get to know you better."

"Why? I'm a Jewish make-up girl. You're a news-reader with a title. If those magazines my mother is always reading are to be believed you own about a fifth of Russia, as well as stretches of the Ukraine, Siberia and the Crimea..."

"You forget Georgia, Tadjikistan and a golf course in Scotland. I own the highest mountain in the Crimea. It was given to my grandmother as a birthday present. Would you care for it? You are pretty. You could have pretty things."

"Like a mountain? I suppose you'd marry me, *hein*? Would you like having a Jewish mother-in-law? With all the things you own, why do you want to be a news-reader?"

He grinned as he lit a *Sobranje* with his flip-top Fabergé. "Because I want to be loved, and I'd love you to love me."

She laughed. "I can't possibly love you!"

"Whyever not?"

"Because I would have to admire and respect you. You'd have to prove your physical and moral courage, you'd have to be kind to children and animals and the poor. Tell you what: if you donate ten million roubles to the Petrograd Free Hospital, I'll let you take me to dinner."

"You're the most expensive whore I've ever met! You fascinate me, Cinzia Davidovna."

His hand was in her hair again. She shook it free.

"Shall I tell you something even more fascinating? Isaac Judaiovich has just been scrying the future. He tells me I am to marry a prince. It could be you, Felix Dimitrovich Yussupov, but I wouldn't sleep with you unless you gave away all your property to the poor. We could live comfortably on your newsreader's salary. My mother would have to live with us, of course."

He stubbed out his cigarette, bored. "I suppose a quick fuck in the carriage park's out of the question then?"

She nodded.

He got up. "I'll see you again, Cinzia Davidovna. Cheerio, Asimov."

The newsreader strode off, jacket flouncing *en*

pelisse.

"You should be mindful of him," said Isaac. "He's dangerous. Self-preservation should be your first law. Yussupoff is not above getting you jumped in a back alley and flown to some distant *dacha*."

"Then I'd have to hammer a tent-peg into his eye."

"You would too. You're quite a girl, Cinzia. You'd make a man very happy or very miserable. Nothing in between."

She raised her glass. "Here's to my prince. Just as long as it isn't Yussupov."

There was another flurry at the door. Middle-aged men marched in, handing coats to the ushers. At first sight, they did not belong in this gathering of glamorous and good-looking. Their boxy 1950s clothes suggested influence rather than fame. Cinzia recognized two television producers and a Member of the Duma. Among them was an unfamiliar face, a dignified, fastidious-looking type in an immaculate suit. He was obviously European, but the immense distance between his nose and top lip suggested something more exotic.

One of the producers spotted Isaac, waved, and ushered the strange-looking man towards their table.

Isaac stood and shook the producer's hand. "Bondarchuk! So you've come to Georgi's wake! Will you join us? May I introduce Cinzia Davidovna."

"Oh, I know Cinzia. She's covers Georgi's vodka-blossoms," said Bondarchuk, taking her outstretched hand and kissing it. He was a little too old and formal to shake it. "Normally we have make-up girls, but Cinzia Davidovna is a make-up artist."

Bondarchuk pulled up a chair for his guest. "Permit me to introduce Sir Anthony Blunt. Personal assistant to the Dowager Duchess of York. He has come from London to help with the imperial wedding."

Sir Anthony nodded curtly. Because of her fluent English, Cinzia was assigned to work double shifts during the wedding story. She supposed she should be grateful.

Sir Anthony was about to sit down when he noticed one of the pictures. A framed 1920s Rodchenko poster, advertising baby pacifiers. THERE HAVE NEVER BEEN SUCH GOOD DUMMIES! SUCK 'EM TIL YOU'RE OLD! The Englishman took a closer look while Bondarchuk whistled up champagne.

Blunt moved further along the wall to some Lisitzky posters for Red Wedge beer, and more Rodchenkos, with the pithy slogans by Mayakovsky. The Happy Guys Club was decorated almost exclusively with the products of "Advertisement Constructors, Mayakovsky-Rodchenko."



When Sir Anthony was out of earshot, Bondarchuk leaned his head towards Isaac and the table. "Isaac Judaiovich, humour this fish. He's a courtier straight out of the *ancien régime*. I've baby-sat him all day and I'd pay two years' salary to see him guillotined."

Sir Anthony sat down next to her. She smiled at him. He ignored her and eyed the champagne disdainfully.

Bondarchuk continued talking to them, smiling and nodding at his guest, "This prick Blunt doesn't want

any of the engagement and wedding to be on tele in the first place. He's worried that it interferes with the monarchical dignity of the occasion. It's okay Isaac, he doesn't speak a word of Russian. Dignity of the monarchy! Who's madder, Nicky or his sainted Edward VIII?"

Cinzia spoke to Sir Anthony in English, "you are interested in advertising, Sir Anthony?"

"No, I am interested in art. Rodchenko intrigues me. Idealistic and brutal at the same time. One cannot help but feel that his talents would have been better employed by a totalitarian regime."

From the corner of her eye she saw Bondarchuk nudging Isaac in the ribs.

"Do you not think, Sir Anthony, that some advertising aspires to art?"

"Much great art was produced to glorify a wealthy patron. Advertising is the same, but the patron is a corporation. Charles I favoured Van Dyck because he made him look like a king."

"So now," she said, rubbing the lip of her glass with her finger, carefully avoiding Sir Anthony's eye, "our Tsar wants tele to take up the brush of Van Dyck."

Isaac, she knew, spoke English. So, she assumed, did Bondarchuk. Both looked into the air, pursing lips, nodding as though she had said something wise.

Sir Anthony looked at her. "Your English is very good. Almost accentless. Are you British?"

"My mother was."

"The medium is neutral, whether paint or a cathode ray tube. What matters is the way in which the medium is employed. Van Dyck did not paint Charles stuffing his face with fowl, or scratching his fleas, or sitting on the commode. From what little I know, Russian television is solely interested in royalty on the commode."

"Bondarchuk, that's a great idea!" said Isaac. "I could interview people on the crapper... just a little cabalist humour."

Sir Anthony's disapproval was jarred by a feedback whine. "Weepy" Krasnevin, Director of Current Affairs Broadcasting, had picked up the microphone and was waiting for silence. Quiet came, but was instantly interrupted by a click and relief as someone else in Kuriakin's group didn't shoot his toes off.

"My friends," said Krasnevin, eyes dribbling crocodile tears, "this is a sad day for us all."

Except Prince Yussupov, she thought.

"Georgi Sanders is, one might say, a giant. He is the little father of Russian current affairs broadcasting. His voice carried us through the dark days of the Great Patriotic War, the Alsace-Lorraine missile crisis, the assassination of Premier Smoktunovsky. You must all join me in wishing him the best for the future..."

Everyone clapped and cheered, banged fists on tables, stamped on the floor as Georgi bounded onto the low stage. Krasnevin, who had schemed for years to be rid of the newscaster, sobbed deeply and embraced the man he had just fired.

Cinzia saw the slightly smelly, bum-grasping salon snake she had sometimes thickly powdered, but recalled the suave, clear-sighted Sanders of wartime wireless and '50s television. The first Russian newsman to penetrate Capone's America. His sarcasm had been the single greatest factor in derailing the hyster-

ical anti-Red pogroms of Ayn Rand. And he had tricked ITV into broadcasting footage taken amid the bloody shambles of the Duma's Indochinese police action.

Georgi bowed to his audience, but did not smile.

Krasnevin took a carriage clock in the shape of Misha the Prime Time Bear from an impossibly beautiful girl and shoved it at Georgi. Between gales of tears, he gabbled about "a small token of our affection."

Georgi's lip curled. He swayed as though on the deck of a Baltic steamer in a bracing wind. He took the mike.

"I asked for a Fabergé egg full of cocaine, but you got me a fucking clock."

"It's solid gold you ungrateful old bastard!" shouted Yussupoff.

Georgi bit into one of Misha's huge ears.

"So it is. Well, I'm touched. No, really I am."

There was an uncomfortable silence as Georgi carefully laid the Misha clock down on the floor, with more concern for his dignity than the clock's safety.

"Most careers end in tears and mine is one of them. I don't really want to go because I know retirement will bore me to suicide."

A huge monitor on a big wooden stand was wheeled towards the stage by minions.

"I hope you're looking forward to tele with pedigree. All the news the Tsar will own up to, read by pretty boys with lineages back to the Tartar bum chums of Peter the Great. As a farewell, I'd like to show you some film not broadcast on the orders of our magnificent emperor. A last taste of the sort of thing you won't be seeing on tele for a long time."

Everyone was listening now. Cinzia half-expected the Okhrana to burst in and arrest Georgi for sedition. Georgi signalled, and minions worked the machines.

"Can someone get the lights?"

The room went dark and chairs were turned towards the front, glasses were refilled, spectacles discreetly fished from inside pockets.

"Go on Illya," said someone, "a last time. Double or quits."

The screen came to light, first a fuzzy grey snowstorm, then bars.

There was a deafening discharge, screeches, a yelp of manly pain. Sir Anthony cringed as if he was the one the revolver had been shot at.

Brynnar said, "get an ice-bucket, put the toe in it and take him to the hospital. The new Chinese surgeon might be able to sew it back on."

Onscreen: a pockmarked landscape with no vegetation. It looked like a far-Eastern desert, except the sky was completely black. Two figures bounced into view, encumbered by bulbous pressure suits.

"Bozhe moi!" said Bondarchuk.

Everyone knew what this was. In July 1969, the Imperial Space Programme culminated with the lunar expedition. Count Renneenkampf and Count Ignatieff had died in the crash-landing of the *Star of Russia* and been hailed as heroes of the motherland. But there were rumours that the landing had been successful and the cosmonauts perished later in some terrible manner that had been hushed up.

"This is Baikonur, talk to us, excellences," crackled

the soundtrack.

—bleep—

Cinzia heard wild tales that the cosmonauts had been eaten by some fabulous monster out of the Strugatsky paperback's brother read.

"No hospital," said Kuriakin. "This I have to see."

"Baikunur, this is Baikunur. Respectfully, talk to us, excellencies. Your wireless is not down."

She recognized Valentin Bondarenko, Russia's first-ever cosmonaut and Director of the Space Programme.

The Counts bounded around the lunar desert, light as children's balloons.

"This is Baikunur, excellencies. You are making us all look extremely foolish."

No reply.

Another voice: "Velikovsky here. If you two titled pricks don't start acting like cosmonauts, I'll..."

Finally, from one of the lunar explorers: "You'll do what, Jew?" —bleep—

Immanuel Velikovsky was President of the Bureau of Space Exploration. He had single-handedly built it from government department to semi-public corporation. When the Duma wanted to cut its funding to spare taxpayers' purses in an election year, Velikovsky enlisted private money by creating corporations to exploit spinoffs from space research, from technology through to television rights. Not one of these companies was in profit. Shareholders tended to be Strugatsky fans, people who believed they might be fabulously rich in 30 years' time, and the Imperial family. The Tsar had gained enormous influence over the space programme.

"I'll see to it you are disgraced and sent to Siberia, your estates sequestered, your farms burned, your first-born slain..."

One cosmonaut picked up a spade. The other picked up an Imperial flag that had been planted in grey lunar soil.

"Stop this at once!" —bleep!

"You don't understand. You're a commoner, a Jew. Honour means nothing to you. In the capsule, Count Michael insulted my family. Honour must be satisfied."

They faced one another like medieval warriors about to do single combat.

"You're going to fight a duel? The first men on the moon spend ten minutes walking around, then kill one another! Has the journey driven you both mad?"

—bleep!—

The two faced off, neither moving.

"Couldn't you kill each other when you get back? I want to push back the frontiers of knowledge, to build a future in space, and you behave like Neanderthals. Bondarenko, get us a link to Tsarskoye Selo, maybe Batishuka can talk sense to these fuckwits."

—bleep!—

The one with the flagstaff had a longer reach. He lunged at the one with the spade, who parried the blow easily. Using weapons in the moon's atmosphere was like fighting underwater.

The Tsar, with his newly-acquired interest in outer space, insisted cosmonauts on prestige missions be aristocrats. Any glory they earned — even death — would reflect well on the monarchy, on the old, pre-

democracy system.

The one with the spade landed a blow on the helmet of his opponent, to no effect. The latter dropped his flagstaff and tried to close with the spade-man.

They wrestled for brief seconds and pulled hoses from their bulky back-packs. They parted and struggled to re-connect the hoses, but neither could reach far enough behind his back. That they could help one another seemed not to occur to them. After half a minute, they came together again, and lay down, holding hands. Both bodies convulsed a little.

Velikovsky was emotional. "Twelve billion roubles. Twelve billion roubles we've spent on this. The Duma will impale us when they see this! Imperial Majesty, I respectfully resign!"

—Bleep!—

"Can someone get the lights?" said Georgi.

The lights came on again. Something over 200 men and women sat or stood in stunned silence. Sir Anthony was blinking, bewildered. Asimov's face was in his hands. Harlan, glasses off, was goggling: if he was a spy, he had stumbled onto a genuine secret.

"The space programme is on ice until air force officers with no breeding whatsoever can be trained," said Georgi, picking up his clock. "Ilya, care for another round? I have a bauble I can wager. Chuck me that revolver, there's a good little game-show host."



"Now the De Havilland Comet of the King's Flight of the Royal Air Force touches down at

Catherine the Great Airport, here in Petrograd on this glorious spring afternoon and as the great crowd assemble here to get their first glimpse of the Duke of Cornwall. Some people suggested that since the Duke is an officer in the Royal Navy he should have arrived by sea, but he didn't. And here is the aircraft now taxiing towards the apron. And there's the little man with the orange table-tennis bats signalling to the plane. Left a bit, right a bit, forwards a bit. I understand from Airport Director Gromyko that they bought him a brand new pair of orange table-tennis bats for the occasion. This must be a proud moment for him. He would normally spend his time making signals to tourists and businessmen, the occasional diplomat, no doubt, perhaps the odd ballet personality. This is surely the only time he has made signals to a plane carrying the future husband of a Princess of the Imperial family, and probably the next King of England. A very proud moment for him indeed."

Cinzia sat cross-legged on the sofa next to her mother watching television. They drank tea in the English style, with milk and the sugar stirred in. Cinzia was taking it easy. Today would probably be the last day off she would have for several weeks. Thanks to the Duke of Cornwall.

Her mother kept pushing her spectacles back onto the bridge of her nose, so she wouldn't miss a moment. She affected not to be impressed by the imperial carnival but was at heart an obsessive monarchist. Cinzia's late father joked that once she lost her religion, royalty was the only magic left to her.

"Now, as the aircraft's mighty engines die down, the steps are wheeled up to the door. And there are the men getting ready to roll out the red carpet, a detachment of the Preobrazhensky Guards, lining up on either side. Magnificent green uniforms, red facings. Boots as well. Bayonets glistening in the sun. For state occasions like this, each soldier has to polish his boots for a total of 15 hours."

Mother was tense with excitement. It was unfair to sneer. She didn't have much pleasure in her life. She had met David Leonovich Bronstein while he was stationed in England during the War, and had come to Petrograd as a "cossack bride" in 1946. His health was affected by a wound sustained in Normandy, and he never progressed beyond junior civil servant. Being the son of a once-notorious seditionist circus clown had probably not helped him either.

Mother had to get by on a meagre pension and her job as an office-cleaner. Now Cinzia was earning, things were better, but Cinzia's brother was still a dependent. All lived in a three-room apartment in Gorokhovaya Street.

"And now, the door on the aircraft opens, and ..."

The floor shook, noise erupted through the whole building, the shattering blare of an electric guitar. Cinzia put down her tea and leapt from the sofa.

She rushed straight into Vladimir's room. He sat on the edge of his bed, eyes closed in artistic ecstasy, hacking chords out of his guitar. She fell to her knees and furiously yanked the amplifier plug from the socket.

"Hey!" he said.

"Mother is trying to watch tele," she said evenly. "Later she will walk three miles to work. She will not take the tram because she wants to save the fare. And all so she can keep you in cigarettes and clothes. I think a tiny consideration would be in order."

Vladimir shrugged. "What's she watching? The parasites flying in from London to gorge themselves on the sweat of the Russian people?"

"Why don't you save mixed metaphors for your songs, Vladi? You parrot them all from grandfather's old routines. If we're talking about parasites I suggest you take a good look in the mirror. You contribute nothing to the household budget. You don't even have the decency to go off and live in a commune."

Vladimir snorted. "Girlichik, you've bought the System in a big way. Times are changing. The people are waking: the 'Chine, corrupt politicians, subject races wanting freedom. There's a revolution coming, baby."

"Just postpone the revolution until Mother's had a couple of hours rest and cheap pleasure."

"Mother needs educating, girlichik. She's buying this whole ridiculous reactionary peepshow. She must know this is the last desperate play of a System with no future."

"Some other time, Vladi. Otherwise the Petrograd Military District gets an anonymous letter alleging that the medical certificate which rendered Vladimir Davidovich Bronstein unfit for military service is a forgery."

"I object to participating in the imperialist war in Indochina on grounds of conscience."

"Conscience? Hah! Here's the deal, Vladi. First, you stop smoking *bhong* here. Secondly, you stop abusing

your guitar when Mother is in the house. They can hear you from the Fontanka Canal. If you don't, someone tells the Army they ought to get you re-examined."

She hadn't seen Vladimir look so rattled since she first beat him at chess. For all that, he tucked the plectrum into the strings of his guitar and lay back on his bed. On the poster behind him, Ernesto "Che" Guevara – the pro-American guerilla killed fighting a Revolution in Angola – stared resolutely ahead into a bright new dawn of international socialism, managing perfectly well without Vladimir's help.

Cinzia returned to the living-room.

"As you know, protocol forbids senior members of the Imperial family from being present here to meet the Duke. The formal meeting will take place tomorrow. And as the Duke comes down the steps, two girls in traditional costume come to greet him with the traditional bread and salt."

"Look, there he is," said Mother, pointing to the tele. At the top of the steps to the aircraft, a young man of medium build stood wearing a dark blue overcoat belted with gold braid. His white-topped peaked cap didn't disguise ears that stuck out like the doors of a taxi-cab.

"Not exactly handsome."

"I suppose not," said Mother. "But he's brave. He flew helicopters in Indochina. And he's clever as well. Until the war, he was studying to be an architect. He'll probably have to give up his studies to concentrate on duties of state."

Cinzia knew the feeling. She could have carried on at medical school, but after Father died, the scholarship wouldn't stretch far enough. She'd had to get a job.

"And coming to greet the Duke is Felix Dimitrovich Yussupov. Viewers will have noticed Prince Felix, the new newsreader on ITV, is dressed strangely, all in white. This is the uniform of a cricket-player. Prince Yussupov is a great lover of English culture. He in fact owns an estate in Scotlandshire. He told me this morning that he would wear the traditional cricketing costume to make the Duke feel at home. And there's the Duke now shaking his hand. And that's the Duke's uncle, the Earl of Balham, standing by them. He finds something immensely amusing. Perhaps Prince Yussupov has said something witty."

"That man," said Mother pointing to Prince Yussupov, "is a clown."

"I know, Mother."

"You've met him?"

"Yes."

She shook her head and smiled. "It's funny. I think of television as full of intelligent, witty, good-looking people. And my own little girl sees them every day. Will you meet the Duke and Grand Duchess Ekaterina?"

"Possibly. More likely, I'll be making up courtiers and military officers. Everyone else in the department will fight one another to do the high hats."

"Now they're inspecting the Guard of Honour, and... Oh, the Earl of Balham is looking at their rifles, and looking under their caps, shouting at some of them, and the Duke is giving him a stern look. The Earl was a famous entertainer in his country before he married the Duke's Aunt Margaret."

"Isaac Asimov read my future for me last night. I'm going to marry a prince."

"Asimov read your future? In person? Gosh!"

"I have to go, Mother. I promised I'd do an extra shift at the Free Hospital."

She got up to get ready. Mother might struggle to support her deadbeat brother, but Bronsteins didn't go without light and heat in winter, they had enough to eat and a colour tele. Many in Petrograd were worse off; sooner or later, they all ended up in the Free Hospital.

"The piece of wood the Prince is holding is made of seasoned English willow, by the way. It's called a Marylebone Cricket Club."



The staff assembled in the canteen at Broadcasting House at eight a.m. for a final briefing with Paradjanov, Producer-in-Chief of the wedding coverage. Cinzia sat with the drivers, secretaries and electricians. ITV was assigning

130 personnel to the project and would broadcast an average three hours a day of coverage for the next month until the grand climax, the wedding itself.

Paradjanov, a bearded wrestler with green eye make-up and rouge-spotted cheeks, wore an eye-abusing orange-red Georgian robe. His huge lapels glinted, fragments of coloured glass and mirror woven into the fabric. He looked like Misha the Prime Time Bear ready for an evening in the nearest exquisite bar.

"Today," Paradjanov began, "three crews will go to the Winter Palace, which is opening for the Grand Imperial Ball this evening. This is where the Duke and the Grand Duchess supposedly meet for the first time. As you know, the pair have met on at least one previous occasion but the purpose of this event is to give the pond-scum a fairy tale. Every fool knows this is an old-fashioned dynastic marriage, but I want you to sell the fantasy. Eyes meet across the sumptuous room... They are introduced... They dance, they fall in love! Flop gauze over the lenses! Smear petroleum jelly over everything! Fluttering silk scarves the length of a football pitch! My partners in dissolution, I want this to be the most romantic evening Russia has choked on since the Tsarevich Alexei Nicolaevich died on his wedding night at the Livadia Palace in 1925, spluttering blood among the vines and the heavy scent of summer flowers overlooking the sea.

"One more crew will cover the route from the Antichkov Palace to the Winter Palace. Another will be stationed at the Antichkov, where the British and Russian parties are preparing themselves for this evening.

"One last thing, rose-petals. It is my impression that after weeks of briefings, many of you sluggards still don't know who the Duke of Cornwall is. This is unacceptable. For the last time, he is a nephew of King Edward VIII. Even real dim-bulbs remember Edward nearly lost his throne in 1936 because of his marriage to a White Yank divorcee. Remember the mini-series and Grand Duchess Anastasia's book? The upshot of that was that any children the couple had would not succeed to the throne. As it happens, they

didn't have children. The King has a tiny penis, I'm told. Even monkey glands didn't help. Very romantic, *hein?* Succession therefore passes through the line of Edward's younger brother, the Duke of York. He died in 1952, though his wife, the Dowager Duchess of York, is still horribly alive and busily hating Princess Consort Wallis. Succession then passed to the daughters of the Duke of Earl. Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, died in 1968, of that London fog respiratory disease. Her sister Margaret converted to Catholicism and married a lunatic, disqualifying herself. Elizabeth's oldest son Charles, until recently a naval officer nobody had heard of, has been created Duke of Cornwall, and is due to come into the crown on the death of King Edward VIII. *That's* our Prince Charming. Got it? Now, let's get royal out there."



The footman held open gilt-encrusted doors, and Cinzia stepped through. Grand Duchess Ekaterina Nicolaievna was sprawled across an empress-sized bed, howling like a hyena with toothache. Her governess, Mrs Orchard,

had apparently been dismissed.

Cinzia put her make-up case on the floor and coughed politely.

The Tsar's eldest daughter looked up. "Who are you?"

"I'm from ITV. I've come to make up Your Imperial Highness for the ball. I can return later if you want."

The Grand Duchess sat and stared at her. No, *through* her. At 19, she looked younger. Still losing her puppy fat, she was becoming a beauty. Perfect skin, fall of dark hair, flashing green eyes. Cinzia's grandfather would cheerfully have bashed in her skull with a rifle-butt, and no wonder.

"I'm ill," said the Grand Duchess. "I'm delicate. I might die at any minute."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Shall I fetch a doctor?"

"Yes. Tell them to fetch Dr Lysenko. Now."

Cinzia went back to the door and told the footman to summon Dr Lysenko.

She returned. The Grand Duchess was pulling off her jeans and purple silk blouse. She fell into the bed and pulled covers over her head.

The kid was no more ill than Vladi. She was feeling the withdrawal symptoms of ten minutes' lack of attention. Cinzia almost felt sorry for the Duke of Cornwall.

A hand emerged from the covers and fumbled around the bedside table. Cinzia went over. Just out of the hand's reach was a box of Swiss truffles. According to the label, they had been flown in the previous day. She pushed the box towards the fingers, which took three chocolates and disappeared. Chewing motions shook the eiderdown.

No wonder the Grand Duchess was sick.

Cinzia settled in an armchair. The Antichkov Palace was turned upside down to accommodate the British and Russian royal parties, but the Grand Duchess had been allowed to keep her apartments.

The room, a mixture of bedroom and *boudoir*, was what every Russian teenager dreamed of. Between court paintings, the walls bore posters of cartoon characters and music stars, all centred on a framed

poster of Nureyev as Agent 007 of SMERSH in *From America With Love*. In one corner was a huge stereo system with Beatles longplays scattered around it. In another, a vast dressing-table with a vaster triptych mirror. Huge windows, dotted over with see-through purple and turquoise plastic flower decals, added to the feeling of space. Beside the bed was the entrance to a wardrobe the size of the Bronstein apartment.



There was a commotion at the door. A group of people burst in. Some were obviously *privdorny*, court people, dressed in the powdered wigs, tailcoats

and knee-breeches of palace grooms. The leader was a small, chubby, elderly man in an old-fashioned pin-striped suit.

"What is the matter, Imperial Highness?" he said, bowing as he approached the bed, even though Ekaterina was hidden under the covers.

"Thank goodness you've come, Dr Lysenko," said the Grand Duchess in a feeble voice. "I'm having another attack."

Half a dozen courtiers and servants stood around looking nervous. Dr Lysenko and his assistant coaxed the Grand Duchess from under the covers and examined her at length, prodding, poking and asking her to cough. She showed no self-consciousness when the Doctor enquired about the condition of her bodily wastes.

"There's no doubt," said Dr Lysenko, partly to the Grand Duchess, partly to his audience. "You suffer from chronic Smedley's Chorea."

Admittedly Cinzia hadn't finished medical school, but she'd never heard of Smedley's Chorea.

"There! You see? All of you! I'm going to die soon! I just hope I'll make it to the wedding. I'm sure the strain of that will finish me off. Like Great Uncle Alexei!"

"Your Imperial Highness, please don't say such terrible things," said Lysenko. "With of rest and the right medication, there is no reason why you should not make a complete recovery in as little as three years."

"By which time, I will be expected to have given birth to three haemophilic sons and spent my summers being rained on in a nasty foreign country."

There was another commotion at the door. Everyone fell to their knees. Cinzia followed suit before she fully realized why.

The Tsar had entered the room, and was not pleased. Her mother would never believe this.

"You! I thought I'd had you fired. Or shot!" Lysenko bowed.

"I had him re-hired," said the Grand Duchess. "He's the only doctor who truly understands my condition."

Tsar Nicholas III was smaller in person than he seemed on television, but then everyone was. He was still impressive. The Russian Bear personified. Big, barrel-chested, strong. His full, rounded face was mostly covered by tightly-cropped beard. He wore a rough peasant smock, a thick leather belt and baggy trousers. His fondness for chopping wood and other "peasant" activities was well-known. It was also said he could bend a rouble coin in his teeth.

"Get out, Lysenko. And the rest of you."

Nobody needed prompting. Cinzia picked up her make-up case and made for the door with the others.

"Wait! You, girl! Who are you?"

He was talking to her. She turned and bowed. "I am from ITV. I have come to apply make-up to Her Imperial Highness."

"Then stay. You will start work in a moment."

The Tsar picked up the box of chocolates.

"You will need wallpaper and paste if *Katusha* keeps filling herself with these pollutants."

He tossed the chocolates away.

"Hah," he said. "Wallpaper Paste."

Evidently, his remark was an imperial joke. She tried a dutiful laugh, but it came out as a cough.

Nicholas walked over to the bed and hugged his daughter. The Grand Duchess sniffed, then started crying. "You don't care about me! Nobody cares about me!"

"We all care about you. Your mother and I love you very much. So do your sisters and brother. That's why we arranged this marvellous wedding for you. All over Russia, all over the world, millions and millions of girls will go to bed tonight dreaming that they could swap places with you. Isn't that true, make-up girl?"

"Absolutely sure," said Cinzia, nodding.

Sure? Was that form of address still used?

"Then let them swap!" sobbed the Grand Duchess.

"I don't want to go through with this silly wedding."

The Tsar stood upright, stuck hands into his belt and spoke evenly. "Ekaterina, I grow tired of this nonsense. You always forget that you and I are not as ordinary people. We are endowed by the Almighty with power and wealth because we have duties and obligations ordinary people don't have."

"I'll abdicate. I'll go and be an ordinary person, just like her."

She pointed at Cinzia. Something inside boiled over. This spoiled brat was wasting her time, time she could be spending at home reading a book, listening to music, playing cards with Mother. Time she could be helping people who needed help at the Free Hospital.

"Your Imperial Highness wouldn't like it very much. If you want to swap places, let's do it. I live near a particularly smelly canal. I share three rooms with my mother and a bone-idle brother. Most months we have to get by on less than 300 roubles. It's been a while since we had truffles flown in from Switzerland."

The Tsar fixed her with chilling blue eyes. For a few seconds, she was hypnotized, glimpsing an avenue of stakes, each with someone impaled on it. Had she gone too far?

The Tsar nodded, grunted agreement, almost smiled.

"Do you hear that, *Katusha*. It is the voice of the great Russian people who love you. You must do your duty for this girl and for others like her. If you do not, I shall have to do mine, regardless."

Cinzia did not doubt he meant it. Tsar Peter had his own son tortured to death. And they called him Peter the Great.

Grand Duchess Ekaterina whimpered, "you don't love me."

"Yes I bloody well do! But I didn't father children to love them. I fathered them for the Russian Empire

and the Romanov dynasty."

Cinzia believed this, too. Before Nicholas acceded to the throne, his childless marriage to Princess Flavia of Ruritania was dissolved. His subsequent marriage to Elisabeth-Mathilde Kshesinska was a model of heir-beggetting fruitfulness, but Flavia kept apartments in Moscow, Petrograd and a dacha near the palace at Tsarskoye Selo. The Tsar still visited her almost daily.

"I don't want to leave Russia," Ekaterina sobbed. "The King of England is mad. Who's to say the Duke isn't the same? Look at his ears! And I don't want to be Queen of England. The peasants eat dogs there and they don't have colour tele."

There was a loud, firm knock at the door.

"Yes? What now?" shouted the Tsar.

In walked a hussar officer. Cinzia was used to thinking of cavalymen driving tanks on the news reports from Indochina, but this man looked as though he was on his way to Borodino. His jacket was red, covered in gold lace; over his shoulder was slung the hussar's pelisse, a short brown overcoat lined with black fur, also plastered with braid. His fur cap boasted a white cockade and a brass plate of the imperial two-headed eagle. Straps of white leather complicated his attire even further. From some of the straps dangled what appeared to be a flattish handbag, while others were attached to the scabbard of a sabre, which he held in his white-gloved right hand.

"Well?" snapped the Tsar.

The officer saluted, slammed boot-heels together and bowed. Cinzia was secretly relieved that all of his get-up survived the agitation.

"Apologies, Sire," he said crisply. "I did not know His Imperial Highness was present. I have come to make my report to the Grand Duchess."

So "sire" still passed.

"Go on then," said the Tsar.

The officer turned to the Grand Duchess and saluted once more. "Ensign Pavel Chekhov, First Troop, First Squadron of the Akhtirskaya hussar regiment respectfully wishes to inform her Imperial Highness Grand Duchess Ekaterina Nicolaievna that her personal escort awaits the pleasure of her orders."

"Ensign Chekhov," said the Grand Duchess. "You in command of my escort again? I thought you had applied for a transfer to the space programme?"

"I did, Imperial Highness. It was recently decided all aristocrats were to be disqualified from becoming cosmonauts."

Cinzia remembered lunar duellists. *Krokodil*, the fortnightly satirical magazine, had carried a full report of Georgi Sanders' presentation. Count Ignatieff's younger brother thrashed Editor Solzhenitsyn through the streets of Moscow with the flat of a sabre until the self-proclaimed Funniest Man in Russia grabbed the staff of an imperial flag and defended himself. Now Solzhenitsyn was the Funniest Man Lying Low for a While in Sweden.

The Grand Duchess evidently stopped feeling sorry for herself. She held a silk sheet in front of her face. The Tsar might assume this was to protect her modesty, or be smart enough to figure Ekaterina didn't

want Chekhov to see her with red puffy eyes and mascara-stained cheeks. Cinzia recognized the symptoms: the Grand Duchess was smitten with her ensign in his tight pants. Maybe he looked less ridiculous on a horse.

"Thank you, Ensign," said the Tsar. "The Grand Duchess will come down when she is ready."

Chekhov saluted, spun round on one heel and marched out of the room. Through the door, she saw a pair of troopers bending down and cross-linking their hands to provide a seat for Chekhov. They carried him away. He'd probably had a regiment of servants smartening his uniform, shining leather, polishing brass and sewing on lace and he wasn't going to risk a speck of dirt spoiling things.

The Grand Duchess sighed, let the sheet down and addressed Cinzia. "Come on, soul of mother Russia, we'd better get started."



"Bronstein, I look like a *hourt*," said Ekaterina, swivelling her head to one side and another, making eyes at the mirror.

"Under the lights you'll be radiant. You don't want to look like a ghost on tele."

The Grand Duchess now wore a pink satin ball-gown fit to grace the cover of a million women's magazines, even the snooty Viennese ones. Cinzia tried to use as little powder on that fine skin, and concentrated on eyes and lips. The Grand Duchess's hair hung loose over her shoulders, held by a small tiara set with rubies and diamonds. Without trying, she would outshine every other woman at the ball.

Maybe it was true. Maybe royals were more than human.

"I wish I could wear my hair Afrikan style," the Grand Duchess pouted. "It's too long. Perhaps I should cut it."

"You do and I'll assassinate you," said Cinzia.

They were surrounded by maids, dressers and flunkies, sewing, fussing and whispering. One or two gasped at her impertinence.

"I might as well be dead anyway," Ekaterina smiled. "I've decided I'm not going through with this marriage unless you are my personal make-up artist. I hope he likes it."

"If the Duke doesn't like you there's something wrong with him."

"The Duke... Oh. Yes. Him."

"Cinzia! Thank God I've found you," said Bondarchuk, out of breath. He bowed to the Grand Duchess. "Are you finished? We need you urgently in the Duke's suite. Half the British team are stranded at Croydon airport. An engine fell off their Bristol Brabazon. All the BBC make-up people are still there. I've got the rest of the girls working on his entourage, but I need you to do the Duke himself."

The Grand Duchess sniggered and waved her away. "I'll be fine now," she said.

Cinzia scooped her bits and pieces into the case.

It was wasted on her, really. Her mother should be here.



It took five minutes to negotiate their way across the palace, clambering over cables, lights and cameras, pushing through knots of soldiers and courtiers making last-minute adjustments to suits, dresses and uniforms.

And this was just an Imperial Ball. The wedding would be worse. It would bankrupt some of the Empire's most distinguished families. Duchesses could not wear dresses twice while there were cameras around.

In the Duke's quarters, things were even more chaotic. Luggage had gone missing, or had never come to Russia in the first place, and people rushed around trying to borrow jewellery, combs, razors, scissors, lipstick from the Russians.

Sir Anthony Blunt stood in the middle of this, looking miserable. The Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke's Father, who Paradjanov had identified as the widower of Princess Elizabeth, was trying to get Sir Anthony to arrange a wild boar hunt.

Sir Anthony broke free and hurried Bondarchuk and Cinzia into a small side-room where the Duke of Cornwall stood in his shirtsleeves looking out of the window.

"Sir Anthony," said the Duke. "We must try and do a bit of sightseeing. I love onion domes."

"Your Grace, this young lady speaks fluent English. She'll see to your make-up."

He turned to her, smiled and nodded. "Where do you want me, Miss?"

There was no dressing table. There was an armchair. It would have to do. She pointed to it. Bondarchuk made excuses and left.

The Duke sat down. She opened her case on the floor next to the chair, took out a large cotton sheet and spread it over the Duke, tucking it into the collar of his shirt.

She crouched in front of him and looked into his face. He would be more of a challenge than the Grand Duchess. Though only in his mid-20s, hardly older than her, Charles had lines. He'd been around. She was prepared to dismiss the talk of recklessly flying his helicopter into battle zones in Indochina as propaganda, but something had added ten years to his face. He was tense.

"You are nervous, sire?" she asked him.

A man cleared his throat behind her. "The correct form of address is 'your grace'." She had forgotten Sir Anthony was in the room.

The Duke shrugged and smiled apologetically.

"I rather suppose I am. It's not every day one meets one's future wife. With 400 million people watching."

He spoke with a curious, clipped accent. Not at all like the affected "upper-class twit" English accent Mother used to entertain her with.

It was a question, she decided, of smoothing out some lines and emphasising a few others. Then she noticed the ears again.

She laughed. She couldn't help it.

The Duke smiled. "What's so funny?"

Her face was on fire. She hadn't blushed like this for years. Soon she'd be too old to. "It's nothing, your grace. Nothing at all."

"I hope you'll not think it remiss of me if I tell you that you have lovely eyes. Now go on, share the joke. I can take it."

She swallowed. "Making a professional appraisal of your grace's face, it occurs to me that your grace has rather prominent ears. I was wondering if sticky tape might be of use."

The Duke froze and gave her a murderous look. Blunt muttered words in English that she didn't recognize and stormed out.

"Blunt has gone out to find someone to have you shot, young lady. Now get on with it."

She set to work, wondering if she'd still have a job in the morning. Or a head.

Moments later, a voice behind her snapped, "ACH GD 222303333 Earl of Balham reporting for duty, *sah!*"

She turned. It was the man who had laughed at Yussupov at the airport. Now he wore an Asiatic turban, a blue jacket, a tutu and ankle-boots.

The Duke grinned at him. "You can't meet my bride-to-be dressed like that, Sellers."

"Why on earth not, old fruitily substance?" he said, in the upper-class twit accent her Mother imitated.

"You're not wearing your decorations. It states clearly on the invitation that medals must be worn."

Both laughed. The Earl took a hip-flask from the breast pocket of his jacket and offered it to the Duke, who refused. He took a hefty guzzle himself and then noticed her.

"Well *hellaaaa*," he growled, crouching next to her and twiddling his moustache, "now you're a gorgeous bit of tottie, and no mistake. Are you coming to the *palais de dance*, my little Russian doll?"

She resumed work. "I am, but I shall be busy. I have to stay behind the scenes in case anyone's face falls off."

"I'd love my face to fall off for you, my little boiling samovar."

"You'd better get dressed for the ball. The British party has to leave for the Winter Palace inside the hour."

"But I'm going like this, *mein fuhrer*. This is my formal evening dress. The turban's in honour of wartime service in Injah, RAF battledress because I was in the RAF."

"They let you fly an aeroplane?"

Oh dear, there she went again.

"Heavens no!" he said, switching accents. "Put me in ENSA, give 'em a song an' a dance, tell a few jokes, that was me. Every Night Something Awful. That's why I'm wearing the old tutu and boots don't you see, laddie."

Sir Anthony returned, pulling in Bondarchuk.

"I want her fired! At once. And I want all her family fired. Her insult to the Duke was unforgivable."

"Oh forget it, Tony!" said the Duke, waving him away.

The Earl of Balham went up to Blunt, puffing out his chest.

"You're talking about the woman I love, Tones. If

you fire her, you'll have to fire me, too."

Blunt turned, threw his hands up in the air and walked off.

"I have deaded him, swine rotter that he is," shrieked Balham in a high squeak, "deaded him proper."

"Thank you, Earl," Cinzia said. "To return the favour, I'll remind you that you have less than half an hour to change into clothes more appropriate to the occasion. I've met his Imperial Highness the Tsar and my estimate of his character is that he could well lock you into a dungeon and throw away the dungeon if you do anything to spoil his little girl's big day."

"You are right, my Captain. I will go and do that thing. I will. I will. I will go and put on my brown paper suit and make a dress sword from Mum's old drawers."

The Duke laughed. Balham left.

Cinzia was losing count of mad royals. She wished she had Paradjanov's handbook of who was who.

More people appeared at the door. Cinzia looked up and was surprised to see the Grand Duchess standing there.

"Is everything to your satisfaction?" she asked the Duke in heavily accented English.

"Fine thanks," he nodded politely.

"Cinzia Davidovna has done an excellent job. Would you approve if she was personally responsible for your make up and mine until the wedding's over?"

"Fine with me," said the Duke, "as long as she brings her sticky tape".

Nobody had asked Cinzia if it was fine by her. It wasn't. Not without a big pay-rise anyway.

"Do you have any idea who that insane person in the ballet skirt was?"

The Duke had no explanation.



The vast rotors of the Sikorsky gunship cut up the air with a low roar, but the ride was smooth. Whether this was an inherent property of the aircraft or whether it was

because the Duke of Cornwall was at the controls, Cinzia didn't know.

For all the noise, she heard Bondarchuk muttering into his wireless behind her. "You've got to just trust me on this. No close-ups of the happy couple when we come in to land."

At least one camera-crew would be waiting on the ground when the aircraft landed at the Imperial complex at Tsarskoye Selo.

Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and Grand Duchess Ekaterina Nikolaievna had carried on their television engagement for three days. From the glittering Grand Ball at the Winter Palace through the couple's various subsequent public engagements, everything on-screen had been just fine. With three hours of live broadcast daily, ITV had captured immense ratings which still climbed. All Soyuz TV, the opposition, could offer was the remarkably unpopular comedy series *Mother Courage's Flying Circus* and repeats of *On the Trams*.

"Dear God! What I wouldn't give for a rifle right now!"



said the Duke's father. She looked out of the gunport and saw, down on the ground 200 feet below, a herd of deer running, frightened by the helicopter's noise.

Edinburgh still sulked because he was not allowed to shoot anything.

The Duke of Cornwall was following the line of a stream, and banked the helicopter slightly to the left. Cinzia fell against the Grand Duchess sitting next to her.

"I've warned you how I get air-sick! Do you want me to spew all over you?"

Yes, why not? She could scrape Her Imperial Highness's dried-up vomit into cheap lockets and sell it at a huge profit to all the poor, deluded people who hung on her antics on tele every night.

She thought of her Mother, who had for the first time in her life taken a day off from her cleaning job: to watch the Imperial Ball on tele. When Cinzia got home that night, she had had to stay up another two hours describing who she had met. She had told Mother about the Grand Duchess's tantrums, how the Duke had heartily disliked her crack about his ears, how she had seen with her own eyes how this was emphatically, definitely, utterly, absolutely not a love match. And still at the end of it all, Mother sighed about how wonderful it was to see "two young people falling in love." Mother had listened to her, enraptured that her little girl had touched this magic, but had not heard a word she was saying.

She had not realized how powerful television was. It encouraged people to believe what they wanted to. In the hands of a tyrant it could be a force for great evil. And the Tsar of all the Russias owned ITV.

There were 15 of them in the gunship, on metal bucket seats covered with fraying canvas: the Duke, Edinburgh, Sir Anthony, the Earl of Balham, the Grand Duchess, and ghastly old Grand Duchess Anastasia, who had appointed herself her great-niece's official chaperone. There were a couple of maids, a pilot, co-pilot and the ITV crew. Behind flew three other gunships, one carrying the Tsar and his entourage, the others carrying security specialists from the Okhrana and medical teams. The Tsar's Sikorsky was armed, in case it became necessary to fire on a cheering crowd of his beloved subjects.

It was no longer a question of would something go wrong. Now it was a question of when. The atmosphere in their own gunship was sour, and getting worse with every hour. Everything came back to Ekaterina.

Though nobody watching proceedings on television would have noticed anything amiss, the Grand Duchess was fast becoming unmanageable. Like a lumbering goods-train on the Trans-Siberia, she threatened to leave the rails at the next bend.

When visiting a hospital, the Grand Duchess insisted the sick people be removed and replaced by actors in case she caught anything. They had met crowds on the streets of Petrograd and the Grand Duchess had had to take a bath immediately afterwards, though she had not come closer than ten feet to any of them. On the same occasion, the police failed to contain an anti-war demonstration and placards had been waved from the back of the crowd. The Grand Duchess insisted that the city's police com-

misioner be sacked. The couple attended a charity premiere screening of *The Tempest*, the new film by the British director Michael Powell, at the *Narodny Dom*. The Grand Duchess had to be carried out with a fit of the vapours before the opening credits. The director's trademark of arrows hitting a target had given her "a terrible premonition of assassination."

"She carries on like this and I'll be the one that does it," Bondarchuk muttered when she was being carried out of the cinema. Then he crossed himself, in case the Okhrana heard.

Today was the worst. They were supposed to go on a deer hunt on the imperial estates around Tsarskoye Selo. First the Grand Duchess insisted that the helicopter's olive green and brown camouflage colour scheme be replaced with shocking pink - "exactly the same colour as that," she said, pointing to one of the lipsticks in Cinzia's case. Grand Duchess Anastasia, who only ever wore pink, agreed this would be an appropriate way of making the nasty, brutal helicopter more feminine.

The Tsar shouted that idea down. Then the Grand Duchess pouted and said shooting deer was cruel. Great Aunt Anastasia agreed. So had Edinburgh, to everyone's surprise. He then suggested the helicopter be fitted with missile-pods to ensure a quick and painless death for the deer. At this point, Balham collapsed in a fit of laughter, while the Tsar said it was impossible. The Grand Duchess flatly refused to go if any animals were going to be killed.

So they went for an afternoon spin instead. They had made an impromptu visit to a "typical" farmhouse and had an excellent discussion with a farmer about fertilizer. They had a picnic at which nobody said much to one another, and now they were going back again. The Grand Duchess was in a vile mood, which was why Bondarchuk was dissuading Paradjanov from taking close-ups.



The helicopter swooped down low over the town of Tsarskoye Selo. Beneath them was the railway station, and then the broad tree-lined boulevard with dozens of mansions to

either side. This was where the aristocracy lived in the old days; it was where some of them still lived, though many of these elegant houses had long since been divided into apartments where the bourgeois of Petrograd commuted each evening to escape the noises and stinks of the city.

At the end of the boulevard stood the gates to the Imperial Park. The 800 acres of Tsarskoye Selo proper - the "Tsar's Village" - had once been completely surrounded by iron railings, though these had been taken away to make munitions during the Great Patriotic War. Now, the boundaries were mainly wire and post, but still patrolled by cossacks and hand-picked units of the Imperial Guard, with dogs, guns, wirelesses, even remote-control cameras.

"This is great," Bondarchuk said. "We can't get

decent pictures just pointing a camera out of the window, but if you can get the ITV chopper to do this in a few minutes' time we can cut it into the evening prog with majestic music on top. Something by Prokofiev."

The Duke took the machine down lower over the Imperial Park. It was probably the first time he had seen the place. It was certainly the first time Cinzia had been here. She had seen photographs and paintings, but the Tsar – and his mother before him – had guarded its privacy fiercely.

The Park was designed to provide nothing but pleasant walks. Every inch was landscaped carefully with meticulously tended grass, or painstakingly trained woods. There were statues and monuments and flowerbeds and a huge artificial lake. The Sikorsky swooped over a *Tyrannosaurus rex*.

As a boy, Nicholas had been fascinated by paleontology. Tsarina Olga commissioned life-sized dinosaurs from S. Eisenstein, the motion picture special effects genius behind the 1932 classic *Tsar Saur*. They were equipped with clockwork mechanisms that made them jerk to life.

The grounds were completely empty. It was as though they were for the pleasure of the Tsar alone. He might wander among his flowers and Jurassic pets, undisturbed by the millions of his subjects still tied to the dirt or crowded into city slums.

The Duke banked slightly to avoid a small hill, on top of which was an exquisite red and gold Chinese pagoda. Then the palaces came into view. Cinzia gasped when she saw the Catherine Palace, an ornate blue and white confection with immensely tall windows. The simpler Alexander Palace, 500 yards from it, was dowdy by comparison.

She was getting to know palaces. The Antchikov merely reminded her of an expensive hotel, while the Winter Palace was big and cold, but this was a place of real majesty. This was where the handsome prince carried his bride, or where a canny monarch kept his or her uppity nobles from getting up to any mischief by engaging them in ludicrous ceremonial. Inside would be long, polished halls, mirrors and mahogany, silk and velvet, marble and crystal and gold.

She was still staring out of the window when she realized the helicopter blades were slowing and that everyone around was unbuckling seatbelts.

"That's it for the day," Bondarchuk told his crew. "There's nothing else tonight. Everyone's got the evening off."

An arm snaked around her waist. The Earl of Balham. "Come with me to the Casbah, Cindy."

"I'm going home for a shower and an early night."

"Que! shame, laddie. The Duke and I have decided to toddle into town for the evening. We were hoping you'd show us the real Petrograd. These court flunkys and pomaded pillocks don't have a clue where to go for good time. Go on, say you'll do it. Pretty please? Not for my sake, but the Duke's."

She looked at the Duke. He was taking off the headset and engaged in technical discussion with the helicopter's regular pilot.

"Just a few drinks," she said. "And no funny business."

Balham chuckled and swore loyalty.



"Compliments of Nikita's," said the waiter, placing a champagne bucket on the table.

"This is a bit of all right," said Balham around a *blini*. "Well done, Cind."

"Bottoms up," said the Duke raising his champagne flute,

"here's to our host."

They turned to the table where the proprietor sat with cronies. He raised his glass and beamed, a benevolent great uncle dispensing presents at Easter. Bringing the party here was divine inspiration. Kruschew, the most important gangster in Petrograd and a devoted monarchist, would see no harm came to his precious guests. It was lively and more-or-less respectable. Kruschew kept his less salubrious properties at arms' length.

"Chas, d'you recognize the fellows sitting on the table next to Niki's?"

"No," said the Duke to the Earl, "should we?"

Cinzia glanced. To one side was a tall, bespectacled man in early middle age with close-cropped, wiry hair. A little too careful with his appearance to be an intellectual.

"We were introduced to him at the reception for civil serviles the other morning," said Balham. "He had a meaningless job title, something with the Ministry of the Interior."

"Andropov. I remember. A senior civil servant hanging around in a shady night-club. Bit fishy, isn't it?"

"It's more than fishy, Moriarty," said Balham, slipping into a Georgi Sanders purr, "I had him down as one of the head muffers in the cloak-and-dagger brigade. Okhrana, and all that."

"*Sapristi!*" said the Duke, a word she'd never heard before.

"I'll tell you something else, old fruitgum," said the Earl. "If you turn around – *nyet yet!* – and steal a look in the next minute you'll notice Mr Andropopoff popping off. The fellow sneaking with him happens to be Harold Philby, Russia correspondent of *The Times*."

"I wonder what they were plotting?" said the Duke.

"Overthrow of civilisation as we know it. What do you think, Cindy?"

"Probably nothing important. Russians love to plot for its own sake. It's why we always knock you out of the first round in the World Chess Championships."

"We always beat you at soccer, though," said the Duke. "It's the Accrington Stanley game tomorrow. Bobby Moore at centre-forward, Gordon Banks in goal. We can't lose."

A woman in her late 20s wobbled past them. She wore a Chinese *cheongsam* so tight she could barely walk properly. Her head was shaved and a dozen ping-pong balls were magically stuck to her scalp.

"Oh I say," said Balham.

She sat alone at a table close by and took a packet of Fribourg and Treyer cigarettes and a gold lighter from a tiny handbag. Cinzia decided she must be a whore. An experienced, expert, expensive one.

Balham had barely raised his hand when the head waiter appeared at his side.

"Would you be so kind as to convey my compliments

to the lady with the lumps and ask if she would care to join us."

The waiter made the slightest gesture with his eye. The woman scooped belongings from the table and tottered over. The waiter held out the chair for her to sit down. Her jaw dropped when she realized who the Duke was.

"This is jolly, isn't it?" said Balham, "and what's your name, my dear?"

"Mariella Novotny," she said, recovering her composure. Her skin had a faint olive sheen. She might be a gypsy.

Cinzia looked at the Duke, expecting him to be discomfited by his uncle's philandering. He smiled faintly. He had seen all this before.

Balham busied himself with Mariella. Her English was basic, and he had no Russian. They communicated in broken French. Balham's accent was comically extreme, almost strangling the few words Mariella could recognize. He took her hand and ran his finger over it, pretending he could tell her fortune. Isaac would have been proud of him.

Scattered applause came as men in evening dress filed onto a small raised platform and picked up instruments. The band launched into a silky-smooth, melodious Israel Baline tune, "Always." Piano, sax and clarinet took turns at the theme. It was seductive, tinged with longing or regret. Perfect music for falling in love, or getting drunk.

Some couples took the floor to dance. Balham and Mariella joined them.

She was alone with the Duke and didn't much like it. He was still frostily polite to her for the Grand Duchess's sake, but hadn't forgiven the remark about ears.

"How do you like Mother Russia?" she asked, trying to fill an embarrassing silence.

"Very interesting. Splendid architecture. Petrograd is a beautiful city."

She wanted to tell him of the city he wouldn't see, soulless acres of low-rise concrete apartments where the plumbing never worked, but thought better of it. Another long silence.

"Look," he said at last, "I wanted to..."

"Cinz-doll!" interrupted a whiny voice. "Is it copacetic if I make like a carpenter and join you?"

Allen Martinovich. The last person she wanted to see right now, but here he was. Drunk.



He sat down, uninvited, at the table and helped himself to one of Mariella's cigarettes. "Who's your *dybbuk* friend? He looks like that English idiot the Grand Duchess is going to marry. *Babychik*, I need a favour."

"Whatever it is, the answer is no, *nein*, *non*..."

"I gotta get a gig." She looked him in the face. As usual, his eyes skittered away from hers. He hid behind oversize eyeglasses. "I need to get on my horn again, Cinz. You could talk to someone at ITV. They've got house bands. They have to need a sax-player. Put in a word, please-please?"

"If I say yes, will you go away?"

"I'll make like a train and depart, I'll make like a family photo and fade, I'll make like a tree and..."

"Enough already."

"Do you know anyone who needs a musician?" he asked the Duke. "What's your angle, anyway?"

"He's the future King of England, Allen Martinovich. He doesn't need a saxophone player."

"Don't be silly, everybody needs a saxophone player."

Hands swallowed Allen's arms as the biggest men she had ever seen lifted him from the chair and carried him from the room.

"The proprietor sends humble apologies for the unpleasant imposition," said their waiter, signalling for a minion to bring a plate of *baklava* cakes and a jug of hot honey and rosewater sauce.

"Sorry about that," she said. The Duke refilled her flute.

"Skeleton from your cupboard?"

"I went with Allen for a long time. We were betrothed. He was going to be a famous musician. Like an idiot, I believed him. I supported him while he was waiting to be famous. He nearly made it, too. He had a band, Allen Konigsberg and the Bananas. They performed at the opening of the Moscow Olympiad in '70. At the party afterwards, I caught him fooling around with a jail-bait Wallachian gymnast."

"Ouch."

"He sickens me. He ruined everything. He's the *dybbuk*."

The Duke grasped her hand across the table. "Everything will turn out fine, Cinzia," he said.

"It did," she giggled, half-hysterically. "He was pitifully infatuated with his bendy toy. He wrote a swing oratorio for her to perform to, *The Purple Rose of Cluj*. But she ran off with the novelist, Nabokov."

Her eyes stung. She drained her champagne flute at a gulp.

"What are we supposed to do with these?" said the Duke, indicating the *baklava*. He still held her hand. She poured the sauce over the cakes.

"You have to eat the cakes while the sauce is still hot."

"I wonder where our lovebirds have got to?"

"There are rooms upstairs. I wouldn't be surprised if Miss Bubblehead was an employee."

The Duke nodded. He ate a pair of *baklavas*. "These are very good."

"The country is wild for Turkish food. A new Turkish restaurant opens in Petrograd every week."

The Duke took his hand back and was oddly formal for a moment.

"I owe you an apology. Normally, I wouldn't bother. Being heir to the throne means never having to say you're sorry, but I want to say sorry to you. You didn't deserve my rudeness."

"What do you mean?"

"I got chilly when you said the thing about my ears. I don't give a damn about my appearance. If I was only Lieutenant Charles Windsor, we could laugh at my bloody ears all night long. But I have to protect the dignity of the future king. At times, I hate this job. Being a royal is a job, you know. Sometimes I think it's important. Sometimes I think it's ludicrous farce."

I see you looking at me and the Tsar and my Father and Blunt and the Grand Duchess. You think we're idiots acting out some kind of comic opera."

"I never..."

"Don't interrupt, Cinzia Davidovna. Several times in the last few days, I'd gladly have resigned. But I would let too many people down."

"Your family? The Imperial family?"

"No. The blade wouldn't fall on their necks if I was to quit. I mean the lads."

"I'm sorry. I don't follow you."

"I served in the Navy. Eighteen months in Indochina, flying Sea Kings off carriers, evacuating the wounded. For the first time in my life, something real. At Khe Sanh, I flew 62 missions in three days, didn't sleep at all. Brought in the bus 300 yards short of Karoli's forward positions. Loaded with dying men, mutilated men, men maddened by combat, men who'd never walk or see again. I can't pretend I was happy because I absolutely wasn't, but I was more *alive* than I am now. Civvies can't understand. In Britain and here in Russia, people are sick of the War. We're pulling out as messily as possible. At the moment, Indochina veterans, able-bodied and maimed alike, are merely despised, spat on by the long-hairs. Soon, the men who served will be forgotten. That's my good reason for becoming King. I'll do all I can for the men; I won't have much political power, but I can get things done. The price I must pay for that is to appear regal, to be popular. Dress in silly suits and go through this happy-ever-after charade."

He shook his head, raised his hand. A fresh bottle of champagne appeared instantly. Both their flutes were filled. Even in the low light, she could tell he was blushing.

"I shouldn't really have said all that. We're not to show our feelings, don't you know?"

"Do you love the Grand Duchess?"

He shook his head slightly. "What's love got to do with it? Duty comes first. My opinion of Ekaterina is of no importance."

She was crying. And trying not to.

"There are worse prospects. I could be stuck with blue-blooded English neurotic with a fashionable eating disorder and a brain the size of a pea."

Through blurry eyes, she saw Sir Anthony Blunt striding towards them.

"Thank heavens we've found your grace. There's a flap on out there. Half Petrograd is looking for you. Where is the Earl?"

The Duke poured himself another flute of champagne.

"Balham's in an upstair's room, Blunt. He's having a shag, so knock before you go in, there's a good fellow."



"Your Imperial Highness will be presented to the British Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home," said Tatischeff, the court's Chief of Protocol, a spy man in purple pantaloons and red tailcoat. He wore a transparent rain hat over his powdered wig.

"Then Foreign Minister Enoch Powell and Minister of the Interior, Jimmy Edwards. If Your Imperial Highness might permit a humorous aside, Professor Edwards is known as 'Whacko', English onomatopoeia for the effect of one object hitting another. He sponsored a law for the birching of young criminals..."

The Grand Duchess turned to Cinzia and snorted. "These English are perverts. What good is birching? If they want to instill discipline and respect in the peasants, they should *know* them and have done with it."

It was early evening. The Grand Duchess was supposed to be getting ready for a state dinner at the Winter Palace which would be attended by British and Russian politicians.

"You will then be presented to our Russian government. Prime Minister Henryk Kissinger and his ministers. I am sure I need not remind your Imperial Highness of their names and titles."

"You do actually," said the Grand Duchess, from inside her vast wardrobe. "No, don't bother. They're all bloody crooks anyway. I'm surprised they've bothered to come up from Moscow. How can they tear themselves away from their money and mistresses?"

"And their wire-recorders," said Cinzia. The Grand Duchess laughed.

The Imperial engagement was almost upstaged by daily corruption revelations. Two nights ago, Kremlin men were caught planting electronic listening devices in the Moscow HQ of the Social Democratic Party. The Mensheviks, faking outrage, were calling for an immediate election. Vladimir said the crisis aided the cause of the Tsar more than that of the Opposition. He was convinced *Batiushka* was responsible for leaking Moscow scandals to put all politicians out of public favour. Certainly, Prince Yussopoff was celebrated for his inside knowledge of Duma dirty-doings and ITV played up the break-in as a big story. Vlad claimed a military coup in the Tsar's name was being planned at the huge army camp at Krasnoe Selo. Cinzia told her brother to stop believing the conspiracy theories he read in Bolshevik underground comics, but wasn't too sure.

"Then you come to what is called His Majesty's Loyal Opposition," Tatischeff was saying. "The leader of the Labour Party is Dennis Potter, a capable man with bad skin. His deputy, called the Shadow Foreign Secretary, is Alan Bennett. He is a very pleasant gentleman whose conversation your Imperial Highness may well find charming, though I have been warned by a foreign ministry official to beware lest he try to tell lengthy anecdotes about his elderly female relatives."

"That will be quite enough," said the Grand Duchess emerging from the wardrobe. Cinzia guessed she had taken in none of the briefing. The man bowed, back creaking, and left.

"I don't have a thing to wear," said the Grand Duchess, leaping onto her bed. "The court dressmaker must provide a miracle."

The Grand Duchess had heard of Cinzia's adventures with her fiancé and the Earl of Balham, and was evidently amused. She wanted to know about Nikita's, and about the Earl absenting himself with a

woman of easy repute. She thought the escapade hilarious. Cinzia did talk about the Duke's confession that he hated his job.

"Put the tele on," said the Grand Duchess. "It's time for *The Rostovs*."

Cinzia got up and walked to the set at the end of the bed and switched it on. The Afrikan beat 1812 Overture was already playing over a series of postcard views of domes.

There was a tap at the door, and a small procession of women entered. A stout matron bearing a green silk dress. The Grand Duchess leapt off her bed and greeted the dress. She took it and held it against her body. She turned to a mirror.

"This is horrible. The colour makes me look as though I have an unpleasant disease!"

There was an embarrassed pause. Cinzia thought the dress beautiful. It had a simple, understated elegance. The colour perfectly matched the Grand Duchess's eyes.

"The décolletage is immense. Obviously, none of you have been to the Winter Palace in a low-cut gown. Ladies, they don't call it the Winter Fucking Palace because it's hot! If I wore this I'd get a chill and probably die! Then you'd feel pretty terrible. Remember the Egyptian Royals who had their servants buried with them. No, not you Cinzia; you'd have to stay alive to make me look nice in the sarcophagus... Out! All of you!"

The Grand Duchess steamed in exasperation as the panicked women scurried out. She flopped back down on her bed to watch *The Rostovs*. Cinzia sat next to her.

"That's it!" said the Grand Duchess suddenly. "The dress I want!"

Onscreen, Natasha burst into Prince Bolkonsky's office to abuse him for bankrupting her Uncle Vanya. She wore a loose cotton *djellaba*, printed with bright colour swirls.

The Grand Duchess pushed a buzzer at her bedside. Mrs Orchard emerged through a hidden side-door.

She pointed to the screen. "I want that dress, Mrs O. Get it for me. Now."

The woman's eyes bulged. "That's *The Rostovs*, isn't it? It's broadcast live."

"So?"

"We can't get you the dress immediately. We'll have to wait an hour."

"We don't have time, Mrs O. In an hour, I have to be at a banquet for the civilized world's most important criminals and perverts and I want to wear that dress. Get it for me!"

Mrs Orchard, clearly regretting that she had not punished her charge more when she was little, left the room.

On tele, Talia Gurdin and Yul Brynner worked the sexual chemistry that made Natasha and Prince Bolkonsky a hit with the viewers. They circled each other, shouting and lashing out, occasionally making soothing noises and embracing.

"My marriage is going to be like that," said the Grand Duchess. "Only without the interesting bits."

The next scene was laid in a lavish drawing room

where Pyotr Bezukhov (Romek Polanski), son of Prince Bolkonsky's best friend, told his great grandmother (Maria Ouspenskaya) how much he was in love with a gypsy singer, Yelena (Nana Mouskouri). Pyotr burst into tears (he was a poet) and said his sacred duty was to follow the dictates of his heart, even if he died.

The Grand Duchess sighed "if only."

Back in the Prince's office, Natasha was still screaming. She paced towards the door. The zip at the back of her dress was undone. She wasn't wearing a brassiere.

The camera cut to the Prince, furiously justifying his decision to send his mad brother Nikki (Stefan Berkoff) to Siberia.

The camera cut back to a close-up of Gurdin, looking downwards, displaying unfeigned anger and anxiety. The camera pulled back: a man in a brown overalls held a towel in front of the actress's chest and midriff, while a woman in a white coat busied herself around her hips.

There was a brief snowstorm and the picture returned to Brynner, eyebrows an inch upwards from their usual position. He stuttered his lines.

Cinzia collapsed into fits of painful laughter. "It must be fun to be a Grand Duchess."

"No fun at all. It might be fun to be a Grand Duke, or a Tsarevich like my big brother. Men in the Imperial family are allowed to fall in love. They must marry out of duty, but can keep mistresses. It's different for women."

The Grand Duchess got off her bed. "I've been reading this book by an Australian commoner: *The Female Eunuch*."

Cinzia had heard of it.

There was a timid tap. Mrs Orchard came in, triumphantly bearing Natasha Bolkonskaya's colourful *djellaba*.

"It was rushed over here in a police car."

"Bring it back tomorrow. Tonight I'm going to strike a blow for women."

The Grand Duchess disappeared into her wardrobe and emerged holding a scarlet trouser-suit.

"Time to put my face on, Cindy. As little makeup as possible. Enough to stop me looking like a corpse, but not so much that it seems I've tarted up just to please some man."

Another knock at the door.

"Enter," said the Grand Duchess.

An officer strode in, saluted. It took Cinzia a moment to recognize Chekhov without his hussar get-up. He was in the more usual dress uniform: green tunic, green trousers, peaked cap worn at an angle. He still had more than enough gold braid.

"Her Imperial Highness's escort awaits orders."

"Pavel, I'm trying to decide what to wear. A ball gown or this suit. What do you think?"

Chekhov's eyes widened. He smiled like a schoolkid awarded a pound of sweets and a day off school.

"You'd look smashing in a potato sack, Ek."

Smashing? Ek?

The Grand Duchess walked up to Chekhov, scarlet suit held to her body. "Make my decision for me, Ensign."



"We were provoked," said the President of the Dynamo Petrograd Clique, talking straight to the camera. In the background, ambulance-crews busied themselves with casualties. Police-car lights flashed. Officers

shouted at one another, talked urgently into radios.

The Grand Duchess had dismissed Cinzia. Bondarchuk didn't need her for the evening, so she could get an early night.

After her weekly shower, she sat in her bathrobe, watching Yussopoff smirk through the main evening news. The lead story was that Leonid Brezhnev, the Social Democrat leader, was accused of taking a heavy percentage of the bribes paid to Menshevik local authorities for building contracts.

"We were absolutely provoked," said the President, who was being interviewed. "When their team won, the *Anglikis* sang anti-Russian songs. We had to protect the honour of the Motherland. Any group of honest patriots would do what we did. Steamed in and give a well-deserved spanking. End of story."

The man had a scar running from below his ear to the side of his mouth. The friendly between Dynamo and Accrington Stanley had ended in a riot.

"I see you're carrying a sabre," said the interviewer. "Is that strictly necessary?"

"A lot of the Clique carry sabres. With this fashion for big baggy trousers it's easy to slip one inside 'em and get into the stadium. You've got to look after yourself. Football, right, well it's a game of two halves, isn't it? First, there's the bit where the players play the match. Then there's the fighting, where the fans prove loyalty to their team and protect its honour."

The telephone rang. The only people who ever called were her bosses, needing her in a crisis. It was Zhivago, Director of the Free Hospital.

"I know how busy you are at the moment, I wouldn't bother you if it wasn't an emergency."

On tele, the news showed the Dynamo Clique were armed with sabres, coshes, razors and, in a couple of cases, revolvers. The English fans were cheerful sporting spirits in scarves and bobble hats, carrying nothing more lethal than wooden rattles.

"I haven't seen this since the War. We've hundreds of *Anglikis* in here. I need every medic I can get."

The news cut to the Free Hospital. A middle-aged man with a toothbrush moustache sat upright in bed, heavily bandaged. He still wore an English flat cap.

"I never thought I'd see the day when footer fans would go at one another with blimmin' swords."

"You're one of the few English-speaking nurses we've got. Some of these men are bleeding to death. I need donors, too."

She hung up and turned to her brother. "Get your coat on, Vladi. You're going to be a blood donor."

"Will it hurt?" asked Vladimir.

"It'll hurt a lot more if you don't come," she said.



Her watch said ten to midnight but it felt later. She had administered countless injections and pills, put a few limbs in plaster and stitched a dozen wounds.

In a side office off the Casualty Ward, Cinzia gratefully accepted a mug of coffee. A nurse passed around a half-pint bottle of vodka. Everyone added a dash to their drink.

All sat on chairs or the floor. Some kicked off their shoes, lit cigarettes. Most of the patients were comfortable now; sent back to their cheap hotels or put to bed here.

"Where's that dishy brother of yours?" asked Lara, one of the younger nurses.

"I only brought him to drain his juice. He's still here?"

"He's been helping, lifting patients. It's wonderful to have a strong pair of arms around."

"You didn't let him near drugs?"

Vladimir wouldn't hang around the hospital without a good reason. Maybe he fancied Lara.

"Ladies!" said Colonel Yevgeny Ivanov, appearing at the door. "My butchers and I will take our leave in a moment."

With the Free Hospital overwhelmed with casualties, Ivanov - Chief of Medical Services, Petrograd Military District - had come from Krasnoe with two helicopters loaded with hundreds of units of conscripted blood and a team of army surgeons. The military sawbones were the sweepings of the medical schools, but they had experience cleaning and closing wounds in Indochina.

The Colonel was handed a mug of Turkish coffee and the vodka. He poured himself a generous shot and raised the mug.

"I toast you, ladies. I would be a proud man indeed if any one of you served at one of my field-hospitals."

Vladimir appeared. Somewhere he had found a white coat and stethoscope. He saw the Colonel and made to leave again. A sheaf of papers fell from under his coat.

Ivanov put down his mug and bent to help Vladimir with the documents.

"I saw you work earlier. You are a medical orderly, yes?"

"I volunteered, just for tonight," said Vladimir, face reddening.

"It is gratifying to see a youth with a sense of social responsibility. This must be important paperwork for Dr Zhivago?"

"Very urgent. If you will excuse me..."

"Before you go, what is your name?"

"Bronstein. Vladimir Davidovich Bronstein."

"I couldn't help but notice that you have there a batch of Exemption from Military Service Blanks. It's disgraceful but there is a black market in Exemption Certificates. Here in Russia, there are unpatriotic, antisocial elements who steal these papers from hospitals and sell them to cowards who would shirk their duty to their country. Shocking."

Vladimir sighed and shook his head unconvincingly.

"I expect you've done your military service Vladimir. Or are you still a student?"

"I'm sorry to say I was exempted, Colonel. Weak chest."

"Really? A strapping lad like you? I saw you helping this pretty nurse lift men off stretchers earlier on. I'd say the doctor who denied you the chance to perform your sacred duty to the Motherland was a quack. You're a born medical orderly. We need men like you in the 'Chine."

Vladimir looked pleading. She shrugged. He deserved what was coming to him. She hoped, for Mother's sake, he wouldn't be sent to the front line.

Ivanov punched Vladimir playfully in the stomach. "I'm going to help you, Vladimir Davidovich. You must have been devastated to miss the chance to serve your country. I see there's nothing wrong with you. I'm giving you a second opinion. A few months' training will sort out your chest problems: assault courses, route marches, cross-country runs, small-arms training, lots of parade-ground drill. Make a man of you. Then we'll fly you first class to Indochina. Sadly, as a medico you probably won't be assigned to an operational zone. If you would prefer a combat unit, I can arrange it..."

"No, no," said Vladimir quickly. "I've always been interested in, um, bandaging people and such."

"Splendid. I'll have the papers sent. Don't worry, we'll have your address on file."

The Colonel retrieved his coffee, drained it in one go and marched out. He turned at the door. "I bid you ravishing ladies fond adieu. It is a privilege to work beside such dedicated professionals. Should any of you wish to volunteer for the Army Medical Service—pay's lousy, but company's great, you'll all find soldier husbands within the week—phone Krasnoe camp and ask for Colonel Yevgeny Ivanov."

He grasped Vladimir's head in both hands and kissed him on either cheek, then left.

"*Bozhe moi!*" said Vladimir.

The noise of rattling bottles came from the corridor. She looked out. Three men in suits carried crates of large brown bottles. A fourth, the Earl of Balham, carried cartons of cigarettes. The Duke of Cornwall was with him, too, hands clasped behind his back.

"Cinds! said Balham. "Delightful to see you here! Small world, isn't it? Chas and I thought we should come over after the bunfest and bring home comforts to the troops."

Despite the hour, the lights in the ward were on. Most patients weren't yet asleep. They sat up in bed, playing cards or discussing the evening's adventures.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" said Balham, striding into the ward. "Merry Christmas everybody!"

When they recognized their visitors, the men raised a cheer. The Earl and the Duke went up and down the ward handing out cigarettes and India Pale Ale. "Flown in from Blighty at enormous expense."

Both men stopped to chat with the patients as tops were cracked off the bottles on the edges of bedside tables. Cinzia noticed they were more interested in getting Balham's autograph on their plaster casts and cigarette packets than the Duke's. Cornwall gravitated towards the men who had fought in Indochina

and would chat quietly with each for a while.

Balham disappeared behind a screen and emerged completely naked. He waited a moment for everyone to notice him.

"I say, you fellows, can anyone tell me where I can find a decent tailor round here?"

The men laughed as Balham, still naked, climbed on top of a table and went into a long and utterly meaningless speech. As she realized Balham was pretending to be a politician, the Duke appeared at her side.

"You're a long way from the fairy tale tonight."

"I work here, as a volunteer. I didn't want to let my medical training go completely to waste."

"You prefer this to being a make-up girl?"

"The tele pays better than nursing, and we need every penny we can get. But this is more useful. And rewarding."

"Thank you for helping the lads," said the Duke, pointing to the men, now enjoying beer, tobacco and Balham's clowning.

She shrugged. "It was good of you to come and see them."

"I thought we'd never escape that bloody banquet and all these politicians."



She was home by 1.30. The telephone rang. She rushed to answer it before it woke Mother.

"Hello."

"Cinzia?"

"Yes."

"It's Charles here, Duke of Cornwall, that is."

"Hello."

"I just wanted to... thank you again. For all you did for the lads. Much appreciated."

"It was nothing."

"I'll say goodnight, then."

"Okay, goodnight."

As she set down the receiver, mother came into the living room.

"Who was that at this time of night?"

"Just the Duke of Cornwall. Goodnight, Mum."



The elegant drawing room, furnished approximately in the rococo style, was knee-deep in cables and drowning in light. An elderly lady dressed in pink sat on a sofa, a massive pink handbag in her lap, smiling at technicians buzzing around her.

"Two minutes, everyone," said Paradjanov. "That's two minutes, Imperial Highness."

Day eight of the Royal and Imperial engagement, Sunday, was to be a strictly televised affair. All four crews had moved to yet another Imperial palace, the Gatchina, 20 miles south of Petrograd, for a three-hour special about both families.

Several members of the Duke's family who had not been here before had been flown in and would stay

until the wedding took place. Cinzia had been presented to the Duke's grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of York, who seemed very charming but struck her as a formidable character. She'd also met Balham's wife, the Duke's aunt, whom she overheard some of the others in the British party refer to as "Lady Bluebottle" or even "Lady Gin-Bottle". King Edward and Princess Consort Wallis had not yet come. They would only arrive for the wedding itself. The Tsar, likewise, was considered above this kind of thing.

"Everyone clear the floor," said Paradjanov.

Prince Yussupov emerged, sporting a black kaftan with violent *cou-de-nil* splotches. He bowed to the pink lady and sat on the sofa next to her.

The Grand Duchess Anastasia Nicolaievna was the Tsar's aunt. Even if she had not been born into the Imperial family, Anastasia would have been rich. For as long as anyone could remember, she had written romantic novels with historical settings. Cinzia had been briefly addicted when she was 13, but quickly tired of them. The amazingly prolific Grand Duchess was still a regular fixture in the bestseller lists. Well into her 70s, she knew the royal families of Europe intimately (she was related to all of them). Since her stories were regularly televised, she was completely at home among TV people. Paradjanov, director of *Catherine, the Woman and Ivan, You're Not So Terrible*, was one of the few she trusted to do justice to her sumptuous tales of love among the aristocracy.

Cinzia and other crew members withdrew to the adjoining ballroom where British and Russian dignitaries were being dressed or made up. They took coffee and watched the monitors, awaiting their cues to go in and chat with the Prince and the Grand Duchess.

"It looks hot under those lights," said Cornwall. He was behind her, so close she could feel his breath on her neck.

"Whatever you do, try not to look uncomfortable. People notice."

He pulled back from her slightly, and smiled. "Do you think I should try and hold Kate's hand?"

"Kate? The Grand Duchess Ekaterina? I don't know. You could ask her."

"I don't know where she is. To be honest, I'm terrified she might slap me in the face for my forwardness if I try to take her hand on tele."

"She won't. The only person in the world she's afraid of is Grand Duchess Anastasia Romanova."

"She frightens the life out of me, too."

Yussupov was on fawning form, explaining to the camera that Anastasia was the last surviving daughter of Nicholas the Good, the Tsar who dedicated his life to the peaceful transformation of Russia from absolutism to democracy. The Grand Duchess replied in French, which she spoke fluently. She also spoke perfect English and German, and refused to speak Russian. Vladi said she was "a reactionary old bat" who refused to speak the language of the ordinary people the Romanovs no longer ruled.

"My father was a generous man who worked tirelessly for the good of Russia," said Anastasia. "Some say he was far-sighted in conceding a Duma and a

democratic constitution, but my view is that he was blackmailed into it by scoundrels and demagogues when we were weakened during the First Patriotic War. You look at politicians nowadays, all the corruption and spying on one another. They're a shabby lot. I know people say I'm old-fashioned, but I know with all my heart that the old system was better. An autocratic Tsar takes no backhanders. He does not try to curry favour because there's an election around the corner. He does not get surprised in a hotel room with a can-can dancer..."

"I say!" said Balham loudly. "What's the bally point in being Tsar then?"

Cinzia looked towards him. Lady Balham elegantly drew a cigarette-holder to her lips. Maybe smoke caused her eyelids to droop so much. Or perhaps it was contempt.

Behind Lady Balham stood her mother, Dowager Duchesse of York. And she was looking straight at Cinzia with what seemed intense curiosity. Her head was inclined slightly; a result of some ailment of old age, or maybe force of habit. Tilting your head a little made for better photographs.

Cinzia looked away to see the Duke looking at her.

"What is it? Have I got a piece of cabbage stuck on my teeth?"

"There's nothing wrong with you at all," said the Duke, turning back to the monitor.

With the help of brief clips, Yussupov ran through the recent history of the Romanov dynasty for the benefit of schoolchildren and foreign viewers: the funeral of Tsarevich Alexis in 1925; the constitutional change that allowed women to succeed to the throne; the marriage of Tatiana, Nicholas' second-eldest daughter, to Prince Louis of Bourbon-Parma; the canonade announcing the birth of their only child Nicholas, the present Tsar ...

There was nothing in the film about the marriage of Grand Duchess Olga, Nicholas' eldest daughter, to Crown Prince Carol of Rumania. Small wonder. Olga had not wanted to leave Russia. When she learned of her husband's womanising, she shot him and retired to a convent.



More film: the death of Prince Louis while attempting the world land speed record at Brooklands in 1931; the death of Tsar Nicholas in 1940; Tsarina Tatiana in nurse's uniform, Tatiana at the wheel of a truck taking

food across the frozen Lake Ladoga, Tatiana standing on a tank near the front showing kneeling troops an icon, Tatiana lighting the great bonfire of captured German standards at the victory parade in 1945...

Mother would be watching this with tears in her eyes. The backdrop to the best years of her life was etched in the career of the indomitable empress. Even in old age the tall, willowy Tatiana, with her dark hair and grey eyes, had a cold, enchanting beauty. Born to command, she was the saviour of Petrograd,

if not her country, in the Great Patriotic War. While politicians cowered in Moscow bunkers or fled beyond the Urals, a woman with less formal power than the Duma's Doorkeeper stayed through the German siege of Petrograd, vowing to die with the defenders. When Tatiana died in 1970, Cinzia's mother (an Englishwoman) cried for two days.

Onscreen, Grand Duchess Anastasia reminisced about Tatiana's funeral. A million people had surrounded the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. Cinzia was there, with Mother, surprised to see so many young people with long hair among middle-aged and elderly war veterans. One hair-head held up a sign saying GOD BLESS EMPRESS TATIANA, HEROINE OF A RIGHTEOUS WAR. The point about the current unrighteous one was lost on nobody.

"I'm on in 40 minutes," said the Duke. "Could you touch me up?"

She led him to a corner of the vast ballroom that was curtained-off like a hospital bed. It was a makeshift dressing room. She sat him in front of the mirror and tucked a sheet into his collar.

"You're tense," she said. "Still nervous about holding your fiancée's hand on tele?"

The Duke's hand slipped out from under the sheet and patted her on the hip. It was not unprecedented: Georgi Sanders, among others, often took the opportunity of baving her bend over him to paint his face to snatch a feel of her bottom. The Duke's touch was more tentative, affectionate rather than lecherous. His hand stayed on her hip. No, she admitted, his touch was shading into lechery.

"Was there something, your highness?" she said, tapping his hand. He took it back as if scolded.

"Charles," she said.

"Charles."

He looked oddly sheepish, like a little boy caught out. On impulse, she kissed his forehead. Looking at his face in the mirror, he was bright red under his powder. His hand emerged again and took hers, gently. His throat worked, as if he were swallowing: his adam's apple was as prominent as his ears.

The curtain twitched aside and a man popped his head in, breaking the moment.

Charles went redder and started sweating. He looked guiltier than Kissinger.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the person from Porlock. "I was looking for someone, George Smiley. Security wallah. Have you seen him?"

They both shrugged. The intruder showed no sign of departing.

She remembered the man. He had been at Nikita's: Balham had recognized him as Philby, a senior English journalist. He was a very well-connected newspaperman if he could breeze unsupervised about the Gatchina.

"You're British, aren't you?" Charles said. Philby nodded. "Good. You'd be obliged to obey an order from your future king."

"Certainly, highness."

"Well, push off then, there's a loyal subject, would you."

Philby looked at them both. She had an impression of canny intellect.

"I'd be delighted, highness."

Philby withdrew and Charles got out of the chair, the sheet falling from his collar. She had to look up to him. The red had faded from his face. He still held her hand.

"Cinzia..."

Oh hell, she thought, letting him kiss her.

The polite, formal, etiquette school kiss escalated gently. He didn't taste more royal than other men, though his tongue was sweeter than the Allen's nicotine-permeated one.

She closed her eyes and felt his pull. He held her hands in the small of her back, pinning her to him. Medals pressed against her blouse.

Somewhere, "Always" was playing.

A tiny soothsayer of panic sparked in her mind. Whatever Isaac might prophesy, make-up girls did not win Princes. At least, not for long.

She broke the kiss and pulled back, letting go his hands.

"Cinzia..."

"No," she said, kindly. "I don't want to hear it. I think you're better than that. And I am too."

She couldn't read his face. Royalty were trained to obscure their feelings. But she had felt: appreciated the tentative, trembling touch. She knew enough simple leches to recognize deeper feeling.

This was not fair. This was impossible.

Damn it, she kissed him. He was surprised, but responded. She knew she would stop kissing him soon. When she wanted to.

There was a warning commotion outside the curtained area. She stood away from Charles. The Grand Duchess had arrived.

"You're on," she told him. He sighed and adjusted his uniform.



"You could tell they were in love," Mother told her. She had faithfully watched Yus-sopoff's interview with

Anastasia and the Royal Couple. "It may have been a political thing at first, but it's a matter of the heart now. I know you're still a cynic, dear, but he was just glowing. And she's so lovely."

The Grand Duchess Ekaterina had been attended by her hussar, Chekhov. He was the only subject in all the Russias who would think of calling her "Ek."

Cinzia could have told Mother more about Charles's glow, but hadn't sorted it out in her mind yet. She knew from the sick feeling in her tum that she was stuck; it hadn't been this bad since the first week with Allen. She also knew from alarums ringing in her brain that she'd never been involved with a man who could get her into more trouble. Including Allen.

If this came out and it were down to Anastasia, Cinzia would be lucky to get off with an *oubliette*. For ruining the fairy tale, she would most likely be beheaded with a scimitar.

"They held hands but never looked each other in the eye," Mother said, meaning Charles and Ekaterina. "That means something."

She should resign from ITV, work full-time as a nurse, marry a doctor, bear a half-dozen sons for Russia, get out before it got worse.

"He's changed, the Duke of Cornwall," Mother said. "He looked so gawky when he first came to Russia, so ill-at-ease. Now, he's become handsome. That's love for you."

Cinzia wanted to strangle her mother with her Imperial Wedding Souvenir towel.



She had recognized the voice on the telephone, speaking English with a comical Russian accent,

as one of Balham's characters. With conspiratorial glee, he told her to be on the steps of Our Lady of Kazan the next morning at nine, wearing an orchid in her hair. She did not bother with the flower, but had turned up at the cathedral.

Hordes of the devout swarmed around. On the steps was a permanent vigil of Russian mothers who'd lost boys in Indochina. They handed out snowdrops for peace. Cinzia took one and fiddled with it, waiting. A longhair strummed a balalaika, wailing a song about the War, "Sonia, Don't Take Your Love to Kiev". He wore fingerless gloves and had a transparent scraggle of beard like Che Guevara's.

Vladimir had cleared out of the flat, taking his guitar and records. He would lie low or flee to Finland until Ivanov forgot about rescinding his certificate of exemption. Or the war ended.

A pilgrim tottered towards her, weighed down by a bearskin coat and a huge fur hat. Despite the false moustaches, she recognized Charles.

He kissed her before she could giggle too much.

After a while, she pushed him away to look at his disguise. She professionally adjusted his sticky moustache. "I hope you used the proper gum or your upper lip will be skinned."

"One had help."

"Let me guess, the Earl..."

"...never travels without his old stage make-up kit."

"Charles," she said, seriously.

"No. Today one is just Old Karol, Humble Sight-Seer. And you are my Tour Guide."

She looked around. There were two obvious Okhrana men huddled by a chestnut stove, eyes on the peace protesters.

"Do you know the penalty for two-timing a daughter of the Tsar?" she asked.

"Chemical castration, one believes. And forfeiture of estates and titles."

"You can laugh. The blood of Catherine the Great flows in that little twit's veins. Our heads could be book-ends."

A mounted guardsman trotted by, plumes bobbing. Longhaired kids chanted at the toy soldier. "Nothing could be finer than to be in Indochina killing children..."

Charles was surprised.



"That's not fair," he said. "Our lads are brave souls."
 "And that guardsman's for show, not for the 'Chine."
 "They don't know what they're saying."

The guardsman was gone, but the kids still jeered, sloganizing while the balalaika man strummed. They sang "Hey hey, Corporal Kray, how many kids did you kill today?"

Kray, an English NCO, was standing trial at the Old Bailey, having allegedly ordered the massacre of an Indochinese village. Around the ITV news room, Cinzia heard stories of worse atrocities committed by Russians.

Charles was reddening, not with embarrassment. She had to intervene before he laid into the kids.

"Remember your disguise, Old Karol," she said, holding his shoulder, nuzzling his false moustache.

"I'm sorry, Cinzia. But they don't know what it's like."

She slipped an arm around his waist and steered him away from the Cathedral.

"Kids in disguise always hear things they don't want to," she said. "That's the whole point of the exercise."

His arm was tight on her shoulder.

"Not this time."



"So this is where you live. It's very..."

"Small?"

Mother was still at work. She had brought the Duke of Cornwall back to the apartment.

Charles stood in their front room,

uneasy in a domicile with fewer than a hundred rooms.

"Cosy," he said, at last, deciding.

She laughed.

"Well, all right, small."

"Dingy, too. Cold in winter, hot in summer. Cramped. Hard to fit three difficult people into?"

"Which is your room?"

"Usually, I sleep on the couch. But with Vladi underground, I can stretch out on his floor-cushions. It won't last."

They had spent the day walking around Petrograd, pretending to be ordinary. Well, Charles pretended. Cinzia was the genuine article, though she didn't feel ordinary just now. Not every girl walks out with the future husband of a daughter of the Tsar.

In Alix's, her favourite cheap restaurant ("You can get your kixes at Alix's"), a waiter thought he recognized Charles. She said "Karol made a record once, but it didn't sell." Charles flashed the peace sign and solemnly said "man" like a longhair. She laughed for minutes.

Without meaning to, she opened Vladi's door. A herbal scent still clung to everything inside. Charles lead her into the room.

"Who's that?" he indicated Che. "A relative?"

"You don't get out at all, do you?"

He looked sad and silly in his absurd moustache. She sat down cross-legged on the crimson and yellow cushions. Awkwardly, Charles folded his legs and joined her.

Most of the books on the shelves were by French or American communists. French reds had more style, Cinzia understood, which was why kids followed Chairman Godard's Paris line rather than the stolid grimness of First Secretary Goldwater's USSA.

They were holding hands.

How does one set about seducing Royalty? She had imagined from Anastasia's novels that it would be easier. The room should be a lot bigger, more luxuriously appointed, and have a four-poster bed in it. She should be in a ball-gown with three yards of silver train.

Charles was in his embarrassed phase again. Like Balham, he was only confident when pretending to be someone else: Old Karol, or the fairy tale prince engaged to Ekaterina. As himself, he was terminally uncertain.

She wondered if Vladi had left any *bhong* behind.

His eyes were fixed on her chest. A lot of men were like that. But this was just a way of not meeting her eyes.

She tilted his chin upwards and looked at him. He was not that much older than her. She peeled his moustache off in one easy pull and stuck it to her own upper lip, twitching it in an exaggerated manner. She looked like The Little Anarchist, the character her grandfather played in his silent films.

"Kiss me and tell me if it tickles."



Emerging from the lobby of the apartment house as evening fell and lamps flickered unreliably, Cinzia was sure every passerby and loiterer was watching them.

For her, this was a first.

Having made love with a Prince, an interesting enough

addition to her repertoire of experience, she was certain the whole world knew about it. It was ridiculous to assume that a big furry hat and a fake *tache* could enable Charles to avoid his Okhrana shepherds and whichever agencies, foreign and domestic, who might take an interest in his affairs. In his affair, in this case.

She kissed Charles goodbye as he slipped back for his evening's televised fireworks display. He walked off jauntily, like any other man who has spent an afternoon with his girlfriend.

She looked up and down the street. The man with a dog might have been stirred by Charles's appearance and be following him in the pretence of exercising the animal. And the big German car prowling towards the canal seemed slower than it should be.

Charles turned and blew her a kiss. He looked about twelve. His ears kept his oversize hat from falling over his whole head.

She told herself not to be paranoid. Not everybody was a spy.

Charles hurried off, whistling.

A man in an expensive coat, who had stood shadowed in a doorway opposite, stepped forward and clicked a camera, startling her. She realized she was wearing Charles's false moustache.

She recognized the *attache* from the Happy Guys Club. Not everyone might be a spy, but Isaac had told

her that Harlan was. The American smiled with genuine friendliness and took a picture of Charles turning the corner.

Cinzia looked to the sky, a grey wedge above the black building-tops. Now, she was of interest to Great Powers.

She worried about what Mother would think.



In the upstairs bar of the Happy Guys Club, Isaac Asimov and Georgi Sanders played *farp*. A half-empty litre of vodka sat between them.

Cinzia was unsurprised to see Allen's Wallachian mopet, still not old enough for liquor, at the bar. She'd dumped her novelist for Ros-

tovs star Romek Polanski, who was cajoling her into sampling an ice cream topped with three inches of assorted fruit.

"Weren't you going to shoot yourself?" she asked Georgi.

He didn't look up from his cards.

"Thought I'd wait, my dear," he purred. "This damn Imperial Wedding is getting all the air-time. My suicide would be relegated to a humorous item before the weather forecast. I await a slow news season."

"Isaac, things are complicated," she explained. "Can we talk?"

"Of course, child."

"Don't mind me," said Sanders. "I have no one to tell your secrets."

She sat down and poured herself a shot of Stoli. She took it in a swallow. Hot tears pricked her eyes as her throat burned.

"That's supposed to clear the head," Isaac said.

She took another.

"And that's supposed to fog it up again," said Sanders. She looked around. Polanski cuddled up to the gymnast, who shrank away, playing with a cherry plucked from her sundae.

"Cinzia," Isaac said. "I sery something is the matter?" She laughed. "What are you, a fortune teller?"

She was leaking hot tears, but not crying.

"You said I'd marry a Prince, Isaac Judaiovich. You were nearly right. I seem to have slept with one."

"Not Yussopoff?"

She felt sick. "No. It's not *that* bad. It's Charles, the Duke of Cornwall. The fiancé of Grand Duchess Ekaterina."

"Big Ears," said Sanders, still pondering his hand. "They aren't that big," she snapped. "It's the way he wears his hair. He can look quite nice with some work."

"Cinzia Davidovna, you're in love!"

"No. Yes. Maybe. I don't know. You're supposed to see all, you old fraud."

"There are mysteries impenetrable even to my powers."

"Stow it, Isaac. I need help, not mumbo-jumbo. I'm being followed. Your friend the American cultural attaché, Harlan. And someone I'm sure is Okhrana."

Isaac was still shocked. Obviously, he had not foreseen this.

"They can make me disappear, can't they?"

"They made *me* disappear," Sanders said.

"I don't see it's any of their business, whoever they might be," Isaac said.

"But with the wedding..."

"That's it. Harming you would raise questions. Your little affair would come out. That would spoil the story. Nobody wants that. Not the Tsar, not the Brits, not ITV..."

"Soyuz TV would broadcast your confession," Sanders said. "They've offered me an aristocratic game show, *What's My Lineage?* You could go public, piddle on the parade. Scupper Yussopoff's ratings."

"I don't want trouble. I don't want to spoil the wedding."

"Is that why you're sleeping with the groom?"

"Have slept."

"There's a difference?"

"This thing with the Duke," Isaac said. "It was a one-time occurrence?"

"So far."

"I thought better of you."

"So did I."

"You haven't slept with either of us," Sanders grumbled. "And it's not as if you haven't had the opportunity."

She looked at the pair of them and was tempted to laugh. The gymnast slapped Polanski, who burst into tears as he did every week on *The Rostovs*.

"Are you going to see him again?" Isaac asked.

"I have to. I'm doing make-up for the wedding."

"Not like that."

"I don't know."

"Look into your heart and sery the truth, Cinzia."

"Don't be silly, Isaac."



"It's so beautiful, loves," sobbed Paradjanov as he fluttered a length of see-through orange silk over the camera, one eye on the couple on horseback, the other on the monitor. "So poetic."

Cinzia wanted to be sick. At the moment, as fine rain fell on the lawns of Tsarskoye Selo, only Paradjanov, who had earlier told *the Tsar* to stand aside to aid the composition of one of his long shots, saw the beauty.

Charles and Ekaterina were returning from a ride through the grounds, unchaperoned though Ensign Chekhov and a detachment of guards dogged their tracks, hanging back a hundred yards or so. Chekhov looked as if he would like to use his sword on someone. Security men in slick raincoats flitted through the woods like foxes, looking for snipers in the trees.

Cinzia stood under the pagoda-like marquee with a crowd of Royals and bangers-on. The Earl of Balham was subdued in the presence of his wife. The Tsar, who must be wondering whether to have Paradjanov shot or appoint him First Minister, discussed diplomocous knees with Sir Anthony Blunt. Anastasia and the Duchess of

York sighed in tandem, cooing over the couple.

Ekaterina was uncomfortable on her horse and kept shifting on her ladies' saddle, held in place mainly by the weight of her dress. Charles, raised as a rider, slouched like a cossack and looked miserable. Cinzia hoped he was miserable thinking about her.

She had not slept much last night. Her head throbbed from Sanders' vodka. Vlad's cushions were faintly scented with the Duke's hair oil.

"*Perfecto*," sighed Paradjanov. A rainbow shone through drizzle, settling a multicoloured glow around the mounted couple. "Mr Duke, lean across and kiss the Grand Duchess. Your public demands it."

The couple were startled by the demand. Cinzia thought her heart would stop as Charles bent in the saddle, bringing his lips to Ekaterina's cheek. Spooked, the Grand Duchess's horse jittered away a few yards. Ekaterina lurched badly and slipped to one side, clutching reins.

Paradjanov was pleased with the moment.

"That mount they've dug up for Chas," Balham mused. "He's not a gelding, is he?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"It might be better if he were, Mags. Look."

Balham pointed to the monitor. Paradjanov's camera zoomed steadily in on the couple. Cinzia saw what the Earl meant. Charles's horse, obviously a stallion, was obviously aroused by Ekaterina's mare.

"The symbolism, the earthy beauties..."

Cinzia thought ITV brass might not share Paradjanov's enthusiasm for equine erections.

Charles's horse reared, waving its hoofs at the flanks of the Grand Duchess's mount. What seemed like a foot of throbbing horse penis bobbed in front of 100 million tele viewers worldwide.

Balham was laughing. He turned to his wife.

"Reminds me of our wedding snaps. Remember the one with the custard and the handcuffs."

The Tsar's impassive, bearded face flickered with rigidly suppressed humour. He issued an order and Chekhov dashed into the field to rescue the Grand Duchess.

"Can't have dear old Ek coming between true lovers," Balham said, winking at Cinzia. "It'd spoil everything."

Now, Cinzia was going to be sick. Charles must have told the Earl.

Chekhov gallantly scooped the Grand Duchess from her saddle and, staggering under the weight of the girl's dress, got her out of the way. Charles dismounted gracefully, showing off the curve of his rear in riding trousers, and let his horse off the rein.

The Royal horses nuzzled and manoeuvred into position. The stallion pressed the mare down, and his pole-like organ slipped neatly in.

Cinzia had to sit down. She was not sure if the pain in her stomach and heart came from trying not to laugh or trying not to cry.

"Stop filming, you Georgian exquisite!" the Tsar roared at Paradjanov. "There must be dignity in all things."

"No dignity in that," Balham said, smiling at the noisily copulating animals. "And no shame either."

Ensign Chekhov put the Grand Duchess down on the lawn and began to fan her with his handbag. She

had fainted.

Cinzia had to escape.

"Where are you off to, Cinds," Balham shouted as she ran for the gate house.



"Cinzia ... Cindy ..."

She looked up, and he was there, as cute in his riding outfit as an auricular freak could be.

She was sitting against a stegosaurus leg, racked

with fear. She was afraid of going on and afraid of going back.

He took her hands and hauled her upright.

"Cinzia."

He kissed her, expertly now. There was no false moustache between them.

"This is dangerous, Charles."

She pulled him behind the model dinosaur, checking that no one could see them, and responded to his kiss. It was not wise, but it was impossible to resist.

"They'll notice you've gone. Search parties will be sent out. Worse, Sergei will happen along with his orange silk and live outside broadcast camera. You'll be seen betraying the Tsar's daughter in millions of homes."

"I don't care."

He pressed her against the stegosaurus. She was reminded of his horse.

"Of course you care, Charles. You told me how much you care."

He hesitated and gulped. "I love you, Cinzia Davydova."

It was like a rabbit punch.

"And I love you, Charles Edinburgovich," she wanted to say back, wondering instantly if it were true. She kept it to herself.

She wanted this, but she knew better. She struggled, pushing his chest, fending him off.

"It's just because I'm the first *real* woman you've met, Charles. You've been spoiled by princesses. I'm not a saint, believe me."

"That's not true. I was in the Navy. When my mother was expected to inherit the throne, I've met real women."

"Girl in every port?"

"Every *British* port."

He kissed her again, his hands in her hair, his right leg pressed between hers. She felt the knobbed iron dinosaur hide against her back and did not care.

His mouth was on her throat, in her hair, tasting her, smelling her. She looked, cross-eyed, up at the canopy of branches. Perched in an old oak was a statue pterodactyl, with glass eyes like those of the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

These woods were the heart of Europe, stretching trackless across the continent. They might be alone with the extinct animals. Safe from all harm.

Her hands were under his riding jacket, loosening it from his shoulders. The buttons of her blouse were undone.

He might be a huntsman, and she a hermit's daughter. Away from the world and uncaring.

His warm mouth was on her skin above her heart.

She thought of Marie Antoinette, pretending to be a shepherdess. Of the young Nicholas walking in his Jurassic playground. Of Anastasia, lying about the past to keep people from asking about the future.

With great difficulty, fighting herself as much as him, she broke the embrace, and fastened herself up.

"I won't be a Royal mistress, Charles. Better than that."

"I don't want a mistress. I want a wife."

"You'll have one soon."

He shook his head. "Marry me, Cinzia."

"You can't ask that. You're not free."

"I'll be a king. I can do what I want."

She was crying now. "No you can't. No king is more powerful than the Tsar, and he had to marry whom he must."

"Then I won't be king."

She shook her head and mopped her eyes with her hankie. The world was spinning.

"*Cave canem, Chas,*" shouted Balham. Cinzia realized Charles must have left the Earl as a look-out. "Tsar Nick's in a bade, and you'll be missed."

Balham loped out of the wood, a camera slung around his neck, light-meter at his hip.

"Say cheese," he smiled, snapping off a shot. "Magic memories, children."

Now, Cinzia was afraid again.

Charles stood away from her and walked towards the Earl, shoulders slumped, back bent. She knew he felt as good as she did.

And she felt horrible.

Even Balham was serious for a moment. She wondered what *his* Royal Marriage was really like.

"You stay here for a bit, love," the Earl said. "We'll see you at the picnic later."

Cinzia nodded and watched Balham and Charles walk away, through the trees towards the palace.



The ITV crew were billeted in the gatehouse, which was itself the size of several of the smaller palaces she had seen recently. Cinzia had

been given what must have been a maid's room. High up in the roof somewhere, it had a gable window the size of an icon. The child-sized bed was piled thick with eiderdowns and pillows. Lying on it, looking up at the ceiling, Cinzia felt she was sinking. The pillows would close over her, and she would be forgotten.

During the picnic – a thousand guests gussied up for the tele and endless toasts to the happy couple – she had resisted the temptation to get drunk again, and concentrated on doing her job. She went into remote control to work on Charles and Ekaterina, resisting the temptation to write "SHAM" in lipstick letters on their foreheads. Charles made one attempt to talk to her but she silenced him with a look. The Grand Duchess wanted to chat about something trivial, but Cinzia could not concentrate on it.

Now, she wanted to sleep.

It had not been this bad before, even when she found out about Allen and the gymnast. Nothing had

ever been this bad for anyone ever.

At the very edge of the picnic, staying away from the lights and the cameras, she had noticed a veiled lady, very chic, very mysterious. It was Princess Flavia, Nicholas's one-time wife and long-time mistress. She stayed away from the Tsar, who was surrounded by his children, and drifted like a ghost.

Cinzia could imagine.

Also, she was getting good at spotting the spies. Besides the men in raincoats, she knew which waiters, guests, tele crew were secret agents. It was impossible, however, to tell for whom they were spying. It might be, from what she understood of the trade of deception, that they themselves were not fully aware of who their masters were.

A tinkle resounded. There was a stand-up telephone on the night-table. This could not be good news.

She picked up and heard his voice.

"I wish I were with you, darling. In bed."

She knew what he meant. Yesterday had been the first good sex for her in nearly a year. She could do with some more.

"I wish I were your sanitary towel."

"What?" she exclaimed. "That's ridiculous! You wish you were my *what*? I hope this line isn't being tapped, Mr Windsor."

"Cinzia..."

"Good night and God bless."

She hung up and took the phone off the hook. Thinking about it, she put the receiver back and waited. It did not tinkle again.

She waited...



She was woken up by a knock at the door. She had fallen asleep in her clothes and not dreamed.

She could reach and open the door without getting out of bed. She huddled back against pillows as her visitor entered.

It was not who she had expected.

Sir Anthony Blunt looked down on her as if she were a forged painting. Or, worse, a real one by someone of whose work he disapproved.

"Miss Bronstein, I'll come to the point..."

"You do that," she said, prepared to be outraged.

Blunt took a manila envelope out of his jacket. It was bulked out fatly.

"One million roubles. You can count it if you like."

She felt expensive and yet cheap.

"Who do you represent?"

"Interests, Miss Bronstein. We have a great deal tied up in the Imperial Wedding, and we are not going to lose it through your wayward *amours*."

He dropped the envelope on the bed. It bounced.

"It's yours if you leave the country, and don't come back for six months. At least."

She touched the envelope as if it were a big squashed slug.

"There are other ways of dealing with you."

There was a chill in the room. She looked closely at the long face and cold eyes and was frightened. All courts had people like this: hatchet men.

"Think of it as a patriotic duty. Your influence is making the Duke of Cornwall unhappy with things that must be."

She shoved the envelope away, angrier now than she was scared.

"You've a low opinion of me, Sir Anthony."

He stepped into the room, bumping his head on the low lintel. He seemed a giant, bowed under the ceiling. His big hands reached out, long fingers closing around his money.

"You won't be missed. In a month, he won't remember your face. No one will."

"I'd advise you to be careful with your words, Anth," said a male voice, in English. Someone else stood in the door. "You never know if a room is bugged these days. Especially in the Russias."

The newcomer was Harold Philby, looking cheerfully unkempt as if he had been at the picnic all night. He had turned up before, like Blunt. They seemed to know each other. Sir Anthony froze with detestation as Philby slipped into the room.

They were all seriously cramming now.

"Hello, Miss," Philby said, kindly. "You shouldn't mind what grumpy old Anth says. He's all wind. Wouldn't hurt a fly. *Couldn't*, in fact. Not when some of us know his home truths."

Blunt might have been swallowing hemlock *frappé*.

"Don't he look British?" Philby said, nodding at Sir Anthony. He sat on the corner of the bed and patted her knee with an avuncular, conspiratorial look. "With his title and all, and so close to the dear old Royal Family. So valued, so trusted."

Blunt hissed like an angry cobra.

"He's not so trustworthy, though. Used to be a spy for the Americans. Caught Communism at Cambridge, read his Marx and Debs between punting and champagne. Ferreted out secrets and posted them off to Uncle Al Capone. During the War, he was careless and got found out. Wasn't sent down because strings were pulled on his behalf. Besides the jolly Yankee Red Americans were Allies back then. Shoulder to shoulder against the beastly Nazis and all."

"This is all very educational," Blunt said. "But..."

"How'd it be, I wonder, if I were to write it up in the *Times*. The Duchess of York's closest adviser in the pay of the Americans since the 1930s. Somebody's nice comfortable life would go down the drain. You'd make lots of close friends in prison, though."

Blunt glared fire.

"No, not a very happy thought is it, Anth. Now, beetle off back to the Duchess and the Tsar and tell them this young woman has no intention of disrupting anything."

Blunt got up and barged out, rigid with rage. Philby shrugged and smiled as the door slammed.

"Why are you doing this?" Cinzia asked.

"Think of me as a Fairy Godmother," Philby said. "No, that has associations. A good Samaritan, then. Fear not, all will be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Voltaire, you know."

"*Candide*. And it's meant ironically."

"Good girl. Better than Charlie deserves."

She thought he might try to kiss her but he didn't.

Philby patted her knee again, got up, and slipped out of the door.

Now she was just confused.



"The Metropolitan is waiting in the chapel," the Tsar belatedly at the closed door of Grand Duchess Ekaterina's suite. "Paradjanov says he will lose the

light through the stained glass windows. *Katiusha*, you must come down."

Cinzia, summoned by imperial messenger, joined the queue in the corridor. The Tsar was at its head, like a desperate man waiting for his turn in the lavatory. Behind him, in full fancy dress, was Ensign Chekhov.

Paradjanov was at a window, sternly looking at the sun, mentally forbidding it to rise further. Today, the director wore a medieval padded hunting jacket studded with tiny crystal balls, and tight-like leggings cross-gartered, with scarlet rope sandals and an embroidered codpiece.

"You, *girl*," said the Tsar, pointing at her...

...this was it, an imperial decree of banishment or death. Perhaps with torture.

"...you are the only one she will see."

Thank the Saints, it was only Ekaterina being unreasonable. She was still not found out.

"Your friend is here, *Katiusha*," said the Tsar, signalling furiously that Cinzia should approach.

The would-be autocrat of all the Russias was sweating heavily and seemed to have lost bulk. If he could not rule one daughter, his chances of ruling most of two continents were looking weaker.

There was a whining mumble from behind the door.

"We could charge when she opens up, imperial highness," said Chekhov, thinking like a cavalry officer. "Strike fast and establish a beachhead."

"We are trying to coax this minx to a church service, you idiot. Not mounting an offensive patrol on the Mekong Delta."

Chekhov was put in his place.

The door opened a crack and Cinzia slipped in. Ekaterina, in a shortie nightie with Misha the Bear on it, slammed and locked the door behind them. Her rooms were dark and she had obviously been crying. Last night's face was smeared.

The Grand Duchess hugged her and sobbed into her shoulder.

"There, there... um, Ekaterina."

"Call me Ek."

"There, there, Ek."

That set her sobbing again.

"He calls me Ek."

Kindly, she sat her down and began wiping her face with a tissue.

There was a serious conflict of interests here, but first she must calm this poor girl. Maybe the Grand Duchess would be less likely to ask for her head later.

"This is the worst thing that has ever happened to anyone, Cinzia. I shall have to enter a convent."

"Come on, Ek."

"No, I have been true to my heart and betrayed my country. I'm torn in two."

"There's a lot of that about."

"I can't understand it. Andropov must have *known*, but he had Pavel transferred from the space programme."

Cinzia's head hurt.

"Andropov? Of the Okhrana?"

Ekaterina nodded miserably.

"What's he to do with Ensign Chekhov?"

"Yuri Andropov is in charge of all personnel attached to the Royal household for the period of the Imperial Engagement. It's some silly security measure. When I first felt, ah, *stirrings*, I tried to have Pavel sent away. I *tried*, Cinzia. I tried to do my duty."

The kocek was beginning to drop.

"You and Pavel, you are..."

"We are lovers, Cinzia. I could not help myself. And neither could he."

Cinzia could have been listening to herself.

"I'm so miserable. I don't want to be a Grand Duchess and end up a pink elephant like Great Auntie Anastasia. I want to go to Star City and watch Pavel take off in his rocketship for the final frontier. I want to go to the moon with him. I want to make love in zero gravity."

Cinzia could imagine the possibilities.

"But I have to marry this cold fish from England and live in a freezing palace in Scotland. What is to be done?"

Cinzia had often heard of people wringing their hands, but had never actually seen anybody do it. Ekaterina buried her face in slightly chubby fingers and keened like a gutted seal. It was not pretty.

Suddenly calm, Cinzia got up and unlocked the door. The Tsar's face hung outside, a mask of wretchedness. Cinzia detected a goaty smugness in Chekhov. The Grand Duchess and the cosmonaut would make an interesting couple, zero gee or not.

"Imperial Highness," Cinzia said, "there's a problem with the wedding."

At the end of the corridor, standing beside Paradjanov, was the veiled lady, Princess Flavia. Cinzia wondered if this woman would end up ruling the country.

"I think you'd better come in and listen to your daughter."

In the corridor, everyone listened. Ekaterina's tiny voice was indistinct, but the Tsar's bellow would have been clear through ten inches of lead shielding.

"What do you mean, you love someone else? Who is this foul adder of a betrayer?"

Chekhov was pale with fear.

Cinzia was quite enjoying this. It made a change for other people to have a miserable, complicated love life.

Paradjanov had given up on the chapel and summoned a crew to snatch shots of expectant courtiers. He was especially keen on images of Flavia drifting

mysteriously like a ghost past huge paintings.

To complete the cast, the crowd was swelled by Grand Duchess Anastasia and the Dowager Duchess of York, Sir Anthony Blunt (who looked at Cinzia with loathing), the Earl of Balham and Princess Margaret, Harold Philby and Yuri Andropov (spies!), some British dignitaries gone astray from the chapel, a couple of Okhrana footmen, and, at last, Charles.

"A cosmonaut!" yelled the Tsar.

Chekhov fell to his knees and began praying.

Charles looked at Cinzia, and she shrugged. It was possible the Imperial Engagement would fall apart without her *taking* the blame. She felt sorry for Chekhov.

"I hear an unmanned probe is leaving for Jupiter next month," Balham said to the Ensign. "Maybe you should volunteer to be on it."

There was a quiet moment.

The door opened and Tsar Nicholas issued orders. "Everybody, in here. And somebody bring me a revolver."



The Tsar looked around at the faces. Paradjanov's cameraman had hefted his instrument on his shoulder. Andropov ordered him to turn it off and, at a nod from the

director, the functionary fiddled with some switches and pointed the lens askance at the room. The little red light was still on, suggesting that for an ITV man a director outranked the Okhrana.

"I want you all to bear witness to the shame of my wretch of a daughter," thundered Nicholas. "Tell them, *Katiusha*."

"I can't go through with the marriage," Ekaterina said, directing herself to Charles. "I'm in love. With someone else."

The Grand Duchess looked at Chekhov.

"With him, in fact. Pavel Chekhov."

Anastasia fainted dead away in the arms of Sir Anthony Blunt. The Duchess of York looked intensely jealous.

"Oh dear," said the English Shadow Foreign Secretary.

Nicholas waved his revolver for emphasis. Chekhov flinched as the barrel pointed in his direction.

"Bad show, what?" Charles said. "Fearful disappointment. One will try and get over it."

He was trying not to laugh, the rat.

Balham snapped a photograph.

"One for the album there, Chas. I call it Disappointed Bridegroom."

Cinzia tried to suppress hysterical giggles and hoped the Tsar didn't notice.

With quiet determination that made her seem a little like Tsarina Tatiana, Ekaterina said, "I am prepared to give up my title to marry the man I love."

She held out her hand and took Chekhov by the glove, pulling him to her. Balham took a photograph. Paradjanov, weeping openly, nudged the cameraman to frame the shot perfectly.

Ekaterina stood up, regal in her nightie, beautiful through teary smudges, and kissed Ensign Chekhov. Anastasia, revived, fainted again.



Extraordinarily, Philby stepped in front of Paradjanov's camera and began talking in Russian.

"For those of you joining us late and expecting to see Prince Yussopoff hosting the Metropolitan's Engagement Mass from Tsarskoye Selo, we have a change of programme. In a dramatic reversal, it has been announced that questions are being asked about the impending wedding of Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and the Grand Duchess Ekaterina..."

Cinzia realized this was going out live. She had never been on television before. She suppressed an urge to wave to Mother. She would have stayed home to watch the mass and must now be as stunned as Anastasia.

The Tsar pointed his revolver at Philby's head – did he even know who the Englishman was? – but Flavia laid a hand on his arm and made him drop his aim.

"I, too, have an announcement," Charles said, in English. Philby translated for the viewers.

Paradjanov waved at a minion – *Andropov!* – to open the curtains. Glorious light flooded the room as Charles tugged Cinzia to him.

"Since my engagement to the Grand Duchess is at an end, I wish to ask Cinzia Davidovna Bronstein to be my bride."

There was cheering. Out of camera range, Flavia gave the Tsar a squeeze.

"Cinzia, will you marry me?"

The camera swerved her way.

"Marry me what?"

"Um, Duke of Cornwall."

"No," she said.

Mouths fell open. Paradjanov was chewing his hat.

"I'll marry Charles Windsor," she said. "The man, not the title."



In the Happy Guys Club, Charles was recognized but not given special treatment. After all, the waiters and cigarette girls all wanted to work in tele and he could do a lot less for them than the producers and directors who

swanned through.

For the first time, the big television set in the upstairs room was tuned not to ITV but to Soyuz. Since Georgi Sanders and Isaac Asimov began to broadcast opposite ITV's *Nine O'Clock News* with an irreverent current-affairs programme called *Not A Pack of Lies*, ITV's ratings monolith had been dented. With the departure of Talia Gurdin and the defection of Yul Brynner to the movies, *The Rostovs* was pulling in fewer viewers than Soyuz' rival "realistic" beet opera, *The Lower Depths*.

Cinzia sat with Charles and Balham, watching Sanders interview Harold Philby. The Englishman explained that he had been obliged to take advantage of the situation at Tsarskoye Selo and provide a commentary on the extraordinary events that had been broadcast.

"I still don't understand what that man was up to," Cinzia said. "He seemed in with Andropov."

"I've been giving it a bit of an old think with the mighty brain-box, Cind. Putting it all together, I think I've come up with the real story."

"Everybody likes a love story, Georgi," said Philby. "I'm just a softie."

"Chas, your starter for ten," Balham began. "Who is Andropov working for? The Tsar or the politicians?"

"Pass," said Charles.

"My theory is that our Gospodin Andropov is in fact Comrade Andropov. Working for the Americans. He's a communist."

"What?" said Cinzia, "the head of the Okhrana a communist?"

"Why not? The British secret service is riddled with reds. Last year, it came out that Sir Alexander Waverly, head of M16, was a commie. Philby used to work for Waverly."

On tele, Isaac admitted that Philby's future was shrouded in mystery. "Like my past," the Englishman commented.

"I'll bet he's a commie too. Anyway, assume Philby is a red. Doesn't it strike you queer that he and Andropov are hob-nobbing with one another?"

"What about Blunt?" Cinzia asked. "Philby told me he was the communist."

"Tones got caught. Dead embarrassing. And, unlike Philby, he's got lots to lose. If he's found dabbling in political intrigue again, he'll spend the rest of his life in the Scrubs. Blunt enjoys the life he has too much. If he had to live under communism there'd be no more champagne and fine art for him. Just Bourbon and Norman Rockwell prints. He's no more a commie now than I am. He's just the loyal servant and tool of the Dowager Duchess of York, God bless her and all who sail in her. Dear old mum-in-law."

"So they are reds," said Charles. "What were they up to?"

"Trying to put the kibosh on your nuptials, dear boy. All the time you and Ek were on tele, you were doing a propaganda job for Royals everywhere. Meanwhile, Tsar Nick was drip-dripping all this dirt on the politicians. Why do you think he owns a television station and twelve newspapers? He was, and perhaps still is, preparing a *coup d'état*. Everyone knows that. The big wedding, with its orgy of pomp and grandeur, was to be the first step in the restoration of an absolute monarchy."

It was news to Cinzia.

"Nick was going to seize power, like Tsars of old. His nice, clean, new government could rule by decree. He'd get out of Indochina at once, which would make him hugely popular. He'd also send every corrupt politician and bureaucrat to Siberia and crack down on any discontent. Russia would effectively become a dictatorship. It'd be unpleasant but, for the next few years at least, very efficient. Nick is not an idiot. He'd be a very effective ruler. The gnomes in Debs D.C. would far prefer it if their rival superpower was run by incompetent crooks."

"And they achieve this by stopping my marriage to the Grand Duchess?"

"Not completely, but it goes a long way towards it. Now the wedding is off, the masses realize you and Ek



“ Behaving on a... [high] moral level were the astronauts who went to the Moon, for their actions tend toward the survival of the entire race of mankind... Many shortsighted fools think that going to the Moon was just a stunt. But the astronauts knew the meaning of what they were doing. ”

Robert A. Heinlein
Analog editorial 1974

Spaceflight is perhaps the archetypal trope of science fiction, its fictional purpose being to symbolize release from the boundaries of the present. But sf writers dealing with spaceflight have, in the last few decades, suffered the peculiar disadvantage of having their visions tested by a reality which developed in unexpected ways. How has the sf field responded to the evolving reality of the Space Age?

In the middle of the 20th century, as the Space Age neared, authors began to reflect the fact that the first space travellers would not be supermen of a remote and unspecified space-opic future, but rather “ordinary” people – the first of them probably already alive – and the first spacecraft would be a direct extension of technology then extant, such as the von Braun V2.

Arthur C. Clarke’s first novel *Prelude to Space* (1951), set in 1978, described in great technical detail a large-scale project to send a rocket to the Moon. *Prelude* is very dated, of course, not just in its technology – particularly its depiction of the enchanting two-stage nuclear moonship *Prometheus*, crammed with vacuum tubes – but also in its underlying cultural assumptions. The

moon flight is predominantly British, and funded privately – by a write-in campaign organized by a close clone of the British Interplanetary Society! And the establishment of the moonship’s Fireball XL5-style takeoff rail at a site recognizably like Woomera in Australia – thus spraying radioactive gas across Aboriginal homelands – makes us, today, uneasy. *Prelude* closes with a typical Clarkeian uplifting gaze into a better future, and it strikes us now as a dream of the young Clarke, staunchly British and a stalwart of the BIS, and in many ways it is exquisitely nostalgic for a future that never was, and probably – even projecting forward from 1951 – could never have been.

In a later, more assured short work,

Rusting Gantries and Lawn Ornaments

“Cape Canaveral has gone now, its gantries rising from the deserted dunes. Sand has come in across the Banana River, filling the creeks and turning the old space complex into a wilderness of swamps and broken concrete...”

J. G. Ballard

“The Dead Astronaut” 1968

Science Fiction
and the
Space Age

Stephen Bayler

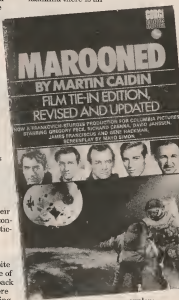
"Venture to the Moon" (1956), Clarke depicts a joint US-Soviet-British lunar voyage. The story is full of numbers, as were so many of its type: "at our five-hundred-mile altitude, we took ninety-five minutes to make one circuit of the Earth..." In retrospect, Clarke's gentleman-astronauts are far too sensitive, well equipped, and in control. Nevertheless Clarke did manage to foreshadow some of the less welcome aspects of the future, such as commercialization, and the censoring of astronauts' fruity language by broadcasters.

Such real-life pioneers as Wernher von Braun were not above publishing propagandizing fiction. My treasured 1968 *Astronauts Book*, from Panther Books ("The Space Age book written and illustrated by the Space pioneers themselves") contains an (undated) story by von Braun called "Moon Shot." The story, not accurate in all respects, does feature several of the real-life aspects of the programme over which von Braun was to have such an influence: the extensive simulations, staging, the plastic-wrapped food. On the Moon's surface the astronauts collect rocks and perform their simple experiments, their lack of control over their own actions well anticipated: "they kept rigidly to the schedule that had been prepared before they took off" And they are singularly unmoved by it all. Despite the gratuitous insertion of a couple of crises - "Carter was just floating back to the pantry for a snack when there was a violent explosion" - and taking into account the limitations of von Braun as a fiction author, "Moon Shot" is remarkably undramatic; an unintentional foreshadowing of reality.

Similarly George Pal's film *Destination Moon* (1950), scripted in part by Robert Heinlein, does its best, with the aid of Chesley Bonestell paintings, to predict the coming lunar voyages. But the film is low-key and - like the real thing - colourless and unexciting. Here Heinlein - like Clarke, and as in his own story "The Man Who Sold the Moon" (1950) - predicted a private rather than state funding of the Moon flight. Heinlein was wrong in the short term, but in the longer term - that is, our own near future - he may prove to have been correct after all.

Rather more fun was the space adventure of Hergé's Tintin, in *Explorers on the Moon* (1954). The plot, aimed at children, features a crisis on each page and no less than three stowaways on the V2-shaped nuclear Moon rocket. But Hergé went to great lengths to get the technical details of his voyage right. We are treated to countdowns, take-off G-

forces, spacesuits, a failing air-supply, a lunar rover, and weightlessness: "my whiskey's rolled itself into a ball!" And Tintin's words, as he becomes the first man on the Moon, are eerily prophetic: "Now I'm descending the ladder... Only a few more rungs... This is it!... I've walked a few steps!... For the first time in the history of mankind there is an



explorer on the Moon!" The whole thing is beautifully illustrated, with excellent depictions of the Moon itself, and closes poignantly: "...and upon the shadowy world a few footsteps remain..."

US writer Jeff Sutton was a journalist and ex-Marine; he died in 1969. His best works were near-future thrillers. His first novel was *First on the Moon* (1958), a lurid thriller written in an era when the first Sputniks and Explorers had barely lifted above the atmosphere, and the shape of the coming manned space programme was barely imaginable. And yet Sutton clearly perceived, correctly, the motivation for the coming race: the suppressed conflict between East and West, and the desire to claim the Moon's supposed mineral resources as national property. Sutton's chemical rockets race to plant the first flag on the Moon - before the first nuclear rocket arrives, bearing the UN Secretary General who will adjudicate over sovereignty claims. The protagonists plant stowaways on each others' ships, shoot each other down, improvise long-stay shelters and enjoy Wild

West gunfights on the lunar surface, all with an ease which, with retrospect, seems absurd.

More interesting is Sutton's *Apollo at Go* (1963). Written just five years later, this is a precise depiction of an Apollo lunar voyage based on the designs then extant. Considering that it was still five years before any Apollo would fly, the details Sutton was able to give were remarkably close to the real thing in many areas: the launch sequence, transposition and docking with the Lunar Module (LM), a landing at the Apollo 12 site of the Ocean of Storms, even the date of the mission (right to within a couple of weeks). It makes it clear that much of the US astronautic development of the 1960s was a question of confirming decisions which had already been made.

There are some differences, though. The design of the LM was still fluid, and Sutton's LM has big helicopter windows and seats, neither of which made it to the final design. The landing is in the lunar night, and the astronauts are surprisingly poorly trained. The President considerably makes his phone call during the flight out, rather than waste time during the moonwalk.

Sutton's prose tends to let him down at the crucial moments. Reading the climactic scene of the first small steps, as the astronauts climb down their rope ladder, makes one realize how lucky we were to have Armstrong.

"Look, Joe - first human footstep on the Moon. I feel like Robinson Crusoe when he found the footstep in the sand."

"Except that this is your footstep, Max. The first."

"The first..."

"Today on 8 July, 1969, at 11:10 pm Eastern Standard Time, Major Max Kovne, United States Air Force, pressed his foot against the Moon. His first words were 'First human footstep on the Moon.'"

They should have left it to Tintin. (But at least this is more palatable than the first words spoken by the pioneering lunar conquistador of *First on the Moon* "I, Adam Crag, by the authority vested in me by the Government of the United States of America, do hereby claim this land, and all the lands of the Moon, as legal territory of the United States of America, to be a dominion of the United States of America, subject to its Government and laws...")

The science of the *Apollo At Go* mission is, of course, negligible: a few samples are scraped up, some photos randomly snapped, to give the "double dome" and "egg-heads" some-

thing to think about; for the astronauts the purpose of the mission is mere accomplishment. And once again there is an odd sense of meaninglessness, a kind of premonitory anticlimax; as soon as they land the astronauts seem bored, chatting of the ticker-tape parades to come, and Sutton feels forced to inject drama by a series of fake crises: the astronauts discover life in a lunar crevice, and the orbiting Command Module pilot is killed by a meteorite, forcing the hero commander to lasso Apollo in lunar orbit...

In the midst of all this technical prediction, other writers were beginning to explore the softer, human boundaries of space. If the first astronauts will be ordinary middle Americans, how will it feel to be one of them? – or to be the parent/wife/son of one? A good example is Ray Bradbury's "The End of the Beginning" (1956) in which a mid-western father breaks off mowing the lawn long enough to watch the launch of the rocket carrying his son, Bob, to the first space station: "They placed two wicker rockers in the centre of the lawn, and sat quietly as the stars dissolved out of darkness."

Another take is Arthur Clarke's "Hate" (1961), in which the Russian-loathing protagonist kills the occupant of a crashed Soviet space capsule. At the story's climax the capsule is opened like an egg, to reveal a dead human enfolded within technology and political symbol: "...she was neither a Russian nor the first human being to have seen the far side of the Moon; she was merely the girl that he had killed."

As the Space Age became a matter of the present day, space provided the setting for what we would now call technothrillers. In Hank Searls's *The Pilgrim Project* (1964) the race to the Moon is reduced to its desperate essentials: a US astronaut takes a one-way trip in an adapted Mercury capsule, only to find the corpse of a young girl cosmonaut on the surface. The book is a melodrama but contains good documentary detail, and was later filmed (updated to Gemini technology) by Robert Altman as *Countdown* (1968). The film is a success, despite the upbeat ending tacked on at the behest of the studio.

Martin Caidin is a US pilot and aerospace specialist who has enjoyed a long career in sf. His best-known work of fiction is probably *Cyborg* (1972), which formed the basis for the TV series *The Six Million Dollar Man* (1973-78). But more typical Caidin is *Marooned* (1964, filmed in 1969 by John Sturges), which shows a Mer-

cury astronaut stranded in orbit when his retro-pack fails; the film was updated to feature Apollo, and a new edition of the book written accordingly. *Marooned* is a good documentary work of the Mercury-Vostok programmes, and the values of the time; the original edition was praised as such in NASA's official history of the Mercury programme, *This New Ocean*, and the film, with its depiction of Soviet cosmonauts assisting in the rescue of US astronauts, is said to have inspired the Apollo-Soyuz joint flight of 1975 which was intended to test out a mutual docking system.

Caidin's style is an odd mixture of technical detail and lurid prose: "Instantly Stoney barked out the command, 'Direct delta V switch'! Pruett had already moved. His hand grasped the Delta V switch and jerked it out and up. Nothing. Buzz slammed his finger again and again into the thrust-on button..."



But Caidin does strive for technical feasibility, as projected from the technology of his day, and takes account of such arcane mysteries as orbital planes, launch windows and pad checkouts.

Caidin's lesser-known *Four Came Back* (1968) dramatizes life aboard a 1972 space station built (as was projected at the time) from expended Saturn V second and third stages. The real-life problems of extended-duration missions are anticipated well; but the plot, about a resolute

hero-astronaut coping with a mysterious plague, creaks like the space station's rivets, and Caidin's handling of characters is much less expert than of technology: "[Isabel] was a scientist, but she was first a woman – a beautiful warm creature, her body made for love..." The climax of this book is interesting in that even the technophile Caidin predicted a violent public reaction, an outburst of fear and loathing, if such a danger as a space plague were made known: "Helicopters airlifted astronauts' families... only minutes before the homes went up in flames... The Manned Spacecraft Centre went under a state of siege."

Apollo-era space projects, with their intrinsic elements of experimentation, risk and superpower confrontation, provided plenty of tension for the thriller writers without much need for invention. The handling of the Space Shuttle has been different.

In the novel *Orbit* by Thomas Block (1982) a hypersonic airliner gels its rocket boosters stuck on maximum and finishes up in orbit. In a moralistic climax, an ambitious astronaut's carelessness makes a Shuttle rescue impossible, and the NASA administrator's cavalier attitude to safety and lives is found out... and the airplane descends by lowering its landing gear. This is pulp fiction, and the premise is fundamentally implausible, but at least the technical depiction of Shuttle operations is reasonably realistic.

More often – particularly before *Challenger* – the spaceplane is depicted as an all-purpose wonder vehicle, a kind of Supercar of space, on which extravagant and unlikely plots may be hung. The film *Starflight One* (1983, directed by Jerry Jameson) shares a startlingly similar premise to *Orbit*, but this time the Shuttle flies three rescue missions in 48 hours: "Columbia has lift-off, after a record turnaround time of 2 hours!" NASA is depicted in a heroic light, and much emphasis is made of the Shuttle's beauty and grace; but the film is dreadful, with cardboard characters, careless editing, and risible special effects. The ludicrous *Moonraker* (1979, directed by Lewis Gilbert), the eleventh James Bond, featured the Shuttle being hijacked from atop its 747 carrier. Later, another Shuttle carries laser-equipped US marines into an orbital assault against a world-threatening, radar-invisible space habitat...

Perhaps the problem is that because it looks so good, it's hard to believe the Shuttle is really no more than a limited low-orbit truck.

Much sf of the early Space Age continued to follow the dream of

von Braun and the Campbell school: that man's expansion into space would be an orderly, linear affair, proceeding without pause, leading towards a new evolution. Thus the reality of spaceflight would be an extension of the noble dreams of sf, with the symbolic release from imaginative boundaries being transformed into actual fact: "Tonight, he thought, even if we fail with this first, we'll send a second and a third ship and move on out to all the planets and later all the stars..." ("The End of the Beginning", Bradbury.)

But there was some foreshadowing of the problems to come. In a remarkable story called "Death and the Senator," written in 1961, Arthur C. Clarke looked ahead to a 1976 in which the US space programme has suffered public apathy and political hostility: "Now that the urgency of the early sixties was over, the public was asking 'Why?'... We've shot billions of dollars into space. And with what result? So that a mere handful of men can spend a few uncomfortable hours outside the atmosphere..." Clarke's response is dramatized by the plight of a dying US senator, a Proxmire-like long-time opponent of the space programme, who could be saved by techniques developed on a Soviet space station. Ironically this story was itself read as evidence, in 1972, to the House of Representatives Committee on Astronautics.

But few sf writers anticipated, or could accept, the odd truth: that space travel would turn out to be a cramped, rather dull affair, and that the public would turn away from spaceflight almost as soon as the first lunar landing was achieved. A later work of Clarke's, "Transit of Earth" (1971), depicts astronauts stranded on Mars in 1984 giving up their life support so that one of their number can witness the transit of Earth across the face of the sun. The story is beautiful, and, with its dependence on technical detail for its setting and dramatic situation, classic hard sf. But it is out of its time: by 1971 we knew that astronauts did not have the opportunity to greet death nobly, or lyrically, still less joyously ("Johann Sebastian, here I come"). "Transit" is itself poignant, an attempt by Clarke to reconnect with a dream already lost.

As the Space Age developed, some sf workers, perhaps on the fringe, began to explore less savory aspects of it – the inhumanity, Big-Brother media manipulation, the perceived meaninglessness of the projects.

Barry N. Malzberg's *The Falling Astronauts* (1971) features all-too-human space travellers, caught up in a dehumanizing programme, falling

prey to very believable failings: homophobia in the capsule's confines, impulses to expose themselves during telecasts, a maddening desire to abandon comrades cavorting on the lunar surface. "The engineering was fine, there was a little problem with the men but who cares about that?" There is a strong element of blame – of complicity and revenge – in Malzberg's thinking: "There's finally going to be a reckoning and ... you're going to pay. All of

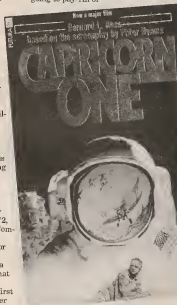
which was in the [old sf] pulp stories..." (*The Falling Astronauts*.) No wonder that some regarded Malzberg's work as "the epitome of everything that has gone wrong with sf" (Bob Shaw on *Beyond Apollo*), or that Malzberg later chose to move away from the sf audience. But in his dystopian sourness Malzberg was perhaps more in tune with the average American than his Campbellian peers.

The Big-Brother aspect of NASA was also explored, in cartoon fashion, in the film *Capricorn One* (1977), directed by Peter Hyams, novelized by Ron Goulart in the US and in the UK, by Bernard L. Ross, now better known as Ken Follet. Apollo-era hardware is used to depict a landing on Mars – but the landing is faked by a NASA unwilling to risk failure. The premise could make an intriguing paranoid black comedy, but the film (and the book) dissolve into meandering action sequences as agents of the military-industrial complex pursue a trio of astronauts (including O. J. Simpson!) across the desert. Bizarrely, NASA cooperated fully in the making of the film.

Perhaps the most startling contemporary perspective on the Space Age came in the work of J. G. Ballard. In a series of stories dating from 1962 onwards, eight of which were collected in the Arkham House volume *Memories of the Space Age* (1988), Ballard explored the wider aspects of the space programme – psychological, mythic, poetic, evolutionary. Typically Ballardian post-technological motifs recur: the rusting gantries of an abandoned, rubbish-strewn

Cape Canaveral, the empty swimming pools and motels, the dead astronauts marooned in still-orbiting capsules.

In the earliest of the stories, "The Cage of Sand" (1962), Cape Canaveral has been drowned by red Martian sand: the sand is a counterbalance to the damage to Earth's mass and orbit done by the launches that took place from there. This argument has the trappings of hard-sf pseudoscience, but Ballard's intention is symbolic, his work in dialogue with Campbellian sf. Similarly, Ballard's treatment of astronaut death as a grubby, human affair, is at variance with the lyrical cold-equation elegance of Clarke's "Transit of Earth", for example – and yet, ironically, more powerful in its emotional impact: "these blackened fragments of collar-bone and shin, kneecap and rib, were the unique relics of the Space Age, as treasured as the saintly bones of medieval shrines." (*The Dead Astronaut*, 1968.)



you. The agency for the agency's sake and the rest of you because you tolerated it."

Malzberg's novel is difficult, sarcastic and bleak, and clumsy in places, but it is a real attempt to explore the human truth many suspected lurked beneath NASA's propaganda, and which was to reveal itself in the fragmented lives of the real moonwalkers, left stranded on Earth after the collapse of the programme. Malzberg went on to explore these themes again in *Revolutions* (1972) and *Beyond Apollo* (1972); the latter caused much controversy when it won the John W. Campbell Memorial Award. Indeed, the Space Age polarized sf. To Malzberg, naive Campbellian sf may actually have been responsible for the dehumanizing aspects of the Space Age – and therefore, indirectly, responsible for its demise. "It is worth thinking about exactly how much of the project... has been put together by people influenced primarily by the view of the world

Madness and obsession abound. In "My Dream of Flying to Wake Island" (1974) the protagonist has partial astronaut memories: perhaps space travel has destroyed his sanity, or perhaps space travel itself is an insanity. In "The Man Who Walked on the Moon" (1985) a delusion of space travel is developed as a metaphor for human isolation. "Myths of the Near Future" (1982) depicts an agoraphobic illness brought to Earth by the astronauts. And in "News from the Sun" (1981) we meet an aged, Earth-bound moonwalker, his mind disintegrated, lost in fugues and dreams of spaceflight.

To Ballard, space travel is more than a folly; it may be an evolutionary catastrophe. Perhaps space and time are constructs of our limited minds, not there to be "explored" at all; in many of Ballard's stories disorders of time flow from attempts to travel in space. "Perhaps the right to travel through space belonged to another order of beings..." ("News from the Sun"). And as in the work of Malzberg there is a strong sense of blame, of just rewards visited upon mankind.

"Memories of the Space Age" (1982) is a fantastic coalescing of these themes. We are once more amid the rusting gantries: Florida is evacuated; Cape Canaveral has become an "evil place," a presage of the coming "world without time." Meanwhile, a murderous ex-astronaut is squatting inside the ruins of an abandoned Shuttle...

Ballard's space stories are clever, enigmatic, intriguing, sometimes baffling, a complex exploration of the collision between man and space machine. The stories were bewildering when first published, to the point that some rejected them, and the rest of Ballard's oeuvre, as science fiction. In retrospect, it could be argued that Ballard's stories are too fantastic for their subject matter; the true story of the Space Age is surreal enough without any fictional assistance.

The lingering death of the beautiful dream of space has been hard to take for many in the SF community, and in later works writers have struggled to express their sense of loss.

In "The Gates of Babel" (1989), J. R. Dunn explores public indifference to space by dramatizing how it might have been if the turning away had been imposed from outside. Aliens are dismantling Jupiter, and – by some unspecified means – have made us incapable of conceiving of space travel, and so of going out to challenge them. The space facilities slowly decay, maintained by a resis-

tant handful: "[The Titan booster] was in three parts, sheet-metal tubes about ten feet in diameter and ninety feet long... They had broken a little more than halfway down, and the other ends, hidden from McCune, leaned against the platform and jutted toward the sky..." This is a flawed story, at times oddly univocal, and with the aliens' powers a convenient device (if they can take Jupiter apart, would they really need to worry about us?). But the post-Ballardian images of rusting, uncomprehended space hardware are haunting.

A much more subtle evocation of Space-Age sense of loss comes in Dan Simmons's *Phases of Gravity* (1989). This is a beautiful and carefully researched description of the plight of Baedeker, a grounded moonwalker. The poignancy of our turning away from space is translated well into Baedeker's own situation: the meaninglessness of his post-Apollo career, his failed personal life, the embarrassingly low-key and tacky public remembrances of his mission. *Phases of Gravity* is not, perhaps, really as far apart from a few fantastical

killed those seven people as surely as if we had put guns to their heads..."

And in the work of some others, such anger is the dominant note.

In Ben Bova's *Privateers* (1985), Heinlein-esque Competent Man hits back.

"The Americans got tired... They shouldered the burdens of the world for almost a century, and then got tired of the job. They tried to take the easy way out..." Industrialist and workaholic Dan Randolph, impatient of his country's retreat from space in the face of Soviet hegemony, operates space industrial facilities under a Venezuelan flag. When the Soviets attempt to close him down he resorts to space piracy. This book is enjoyable, escapist nonsense, and spectacularly wrong in its projection of its own near future. When the US president counsels patience, predicting the implosion of the Communist system, here Randolph contradicts her abusively. But of course Communism had collapsed by the time of publication of the sequel *The Empire Builders* (1993) – Dan Randolph saves the world from global warming – but

Bova sails serenely on regardless, with "Soviet" find-and-replaced by "Russian."

Similarly G. C. Edmondson's *The Man Who Corrupted Earth* (1980) is entertaining propaganda about a businessman who buys up NASA's disused Space Shuttles.

Perhaps the ultimate expression of post-Campbellian bafflement and fury comes in the work of Jerry Pournelle, Larry Niven and their collaborators. The essential Niven/Pournelle thesis is Heinlein's eggs-in-one-basket argument: without spaceflight we won't be prepared when the ice age comes (*Fallen Angels*, 1991, with Michael Flynn), or the aliens invade (*Footfall*, 1985) ("as long as they control space, they can find junk to hit us with..."), or the comet hits Earth (*Lucifer's Hammer*, 1977) ("in ten more years we'd have been able to push the damned thing out of the way").

In Niven and Pournelle's analysis, expounded in books which became increasingly self-indulgent, xenophobic and rancorous – but wish-fulfilling and popular – the decline of the space programme must be somebody's fault. They even blame NASA: "The Saturn Five was the most powerful rocket ever built... and now it's a lawn ornament..." (*Fallen Angels*). These authors betray no understanding of, or any real interest in, the complex web of social, political, technical and economic forces which have acted to shape the Space Age. And, of course, the expenditure of a few lives is

MEMORIES OF THE SPACE AGE



J. G. BALLARD

moments of transcendence – rather, it is a historical novel. But I know of no better fictional treatment of the plight of the stranded moonwalker, "imprisoned within a dreary sense of heaviness, of entropy and gravity triumphant."

Within his lyricism, though, Simmons shows traces of anger: at NASA, budget-paring politicians, an uncomprehending public. Of Challenger, Baedeker says, "Every step of the way there was a compromise... We

always justified: "With fewer safety precautions the United States could have reached the Moon a little sooner, done a great deal more exploring, learned more, and, yes, created a martyr or two" (*Lucifer's Hammer*). And when the crisis comes, people shed illusions and revert, unpleasantly, to libertarian stereotypes: "Am I looking for a big strong man to take care of me? Would that be such a bad idea?..." "And I was trying to stop atomic plants. I should have been screaming for atomic plants to power laser rockets!" (both quotes from *Footfall*).

In the late collaboration *Fallen Angels*, these themes are developed to extremes.

In the near future the Greens have taken over the Earth ("madones... people with no imagination... people who couldn't imagine space travel even after it had happened"), leaving a last group of technophiles precariously inhabiting the Russian Mir space station. Two crashlanded astronauts are rescued by science fiction fandom (!), a secret community keeping alive the Campbellian flame. There are some enjoyable scenes, for example the launch of the last Shuttle – "the fighting in Mission Control [was] hand to hand" – and in other hands this scenario might have made for a neatly ironic black comedy. But there is no irony here. Those who hold opposing views to the authors are satirized, sometimes viciously, as stupid, incompetent, criminal, decadent. The book is a sustained rant, the roar of thwarted technocrats who have learned nothing since 1969; it is



one sad but logical conclusion of the Campbellian tradition.

With the success of the film *Apollo 13* (director Ron Howard, 1995), we have in a sense come full circle.

Apollo 13 gives the story of Jim Lovell's ill-fated moon flight the modern Hollywood treatment, and the result, if simplified in some places, is a good and pretty faithful depiction of the mission. But just as with its long-ago predecessors, the film lacks drama, oddly. Sometimes, in fact, the drama is generated synthetically, with an emphasis on countdowns, the needle quivering at the critical point on the dial of

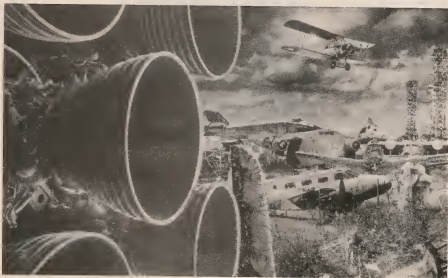
the CO2 meter. There is humour, to lighten the tension, but sometimes the audience actually laughs too much, as calamity piles on calamity.

The special effects are wonderful, with never-before-seen views of the Saturn V launch – staging, for example – and for authentically Howard filmed zero-G sequences in the "Vomit Comet" NASA's parabolic-trajectory weightlessness trainer. But Howard used no actual NASA footage; everything was recreated with six, and it is bizarre to reflect on the way that our miraculous but somewhat decadent modern computer technology has been used to recreate the heroic technology of a receding past.

The Space Age has moved past the sf field like a Saturn rocket past a gantry camera's fish-eye lens: its shape constantly changing, the whole never really understood.

There has been a collision between the old sf dreams and the realities, generally at the expense of the dreams. The mythical significance of spaceflight – escaping from the closed boundary of the here and now – has survived, but only by being transferred to far-future tales of interstellar flight, such as Poul Anderson's *Tau Zero* (1970). And for us, stranded in an unanticipated future, it is perhaps in Malzberg's ravings or Ballard's fragmentary, enigmatic stories – and not in more conventional sf – that we are able to perceive the deepest truth: for us, rusting Moon-rocket gantries are the stuff of documentary, not fiction.

Stephen Baxter



Collage of illustrations by J.R. Potter from 'Memories of the Space Age'

"Get moving, you old bastard." Bart went around the room, his white jacket already stained by some yellow fluid, and he de-opaqueted the windows with brisk slaps.

It took him a while to figure out where he was. It often did nowadays. So he just lay there. He'd been in the same position all night, and he could feel how his body had worn a groove in the mattress. He wondered if Bart had ever seen *Psycho*. "I thought..." His mouth was dry, and he ran his tongue over his wrinkled gums. "You know, for a minute I thought I was back there. Like before."

Bart was just clattering around at the bedside cabinet, pulling out clothes, and looking for his stuff: a hand towel, soap, medication, swabs. Bart never met your eyes, and he never watched out for the creases on your pants.

"My father was there." Actually he didn't know what in hell his father was doing up there. "The sunlight was real strong. And the ground was a kind of gentle brown, depending on which way you looked. Autumn colours. It looked like a beach, come to think of it." He smiled. "Yeah, a beach." That was it. His dream had muddled up the memories, and he'd been simultaneously 39 years old, and a little kid on a beach, running towards his father.

"Ah, Jesus." Bart was poking at the sheet between his legs. His hand came up dripping. Bart pulled apart the top of his pyjama pants. He crossed his arms over his crotch, but he didn't have the strength to resist. "You old bastard," Bart shouted. "You've done it again. You've pulled out your fucking catheter again. You filthy old bastard." Bart got a towel and began to swab away the piss.

He saw there was blood in the thick golden fluid. *Goddamn surgeons. Always sticking a tube into one orifice or another. "I saw my buddy jumping around, and I thought he looked like a human-shaped beach ball, all white, bouncing across the sand..."*

Bart slapped at his shoulder, hard enough to sting. "When are you going to get it into your head that nobody gives a flying fuck about that stuff? Huh?" He swabbed at the mess in the bed, his shoulders knotted up. "Jesus. I ought to take you down to the happy booth right now. Old bastard."

Like a beach. Funny how I never thought of that before. It had taken him 50 years, but he was finally making sense of those three days. More sense than he could make of where he was now, anyhow. Not that he gave a damn.

Bart cleaned him up, dressed him, and fed him with some tasteless pap. Then he dumped him in a chair in the day room. Bart stomped off, still muttering about the business with the catheter.

Asshole, he thought.

The day room was a long, thin hall, like a corridor. Nothing but a row of old people. Every one of them had his own tiny TV, squawking away at him. Or her. It was hard to tell. Every so often a little robot nurse would come by, a real R2-D2 type of thing, and it would give you a coffee. If you hadn't moved for a while, it would check your pulse with a little metal claw.

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Stephen Baxter

You had to set the TV with voice commands, and he never could get the hang of that; he'd asked for a remote, but they didn't make them any more. So he just had his set tuned to the news channels, all day. Sometimes there was news about the programme. Mostly about the dinky little unmanned rovers that the Agency was rolling around Mars these days, that you could work from earth, like radio-operated boats at Disney World. Now, that was pure bullshit, as far as he was concerned. But there wasn't even anybody up in LEO nowadays. Not since *Atlantis* tore itself up in that lousy landing, and the Russians let what was left of *Mir* fall back into the atmosphere.

He tried to read. You could still get paper books, although it cost you to get them printed out. But by the time he'd gotten to the bottom of the page he would forget what was at the top; and he'd doze off, and drop the damn thing. Then the fucking R2-D2 would roll over to see if he was dead.

The door behind him was open, letting in dense, smoggy air. Nobody was watching him. Nobody but old people, anyhow.

He got out of his chair. Not so hard, if you watched your balance. He leaned on his frame and set off towards the door.

The day room depressed him. It was like an airport departure lounge. And there was only one way out of it. Unless you counted the happy booth. Funny how it had been a Democrat President who'd legalized the happy booths. A *demographic adjustment*, they called

it. He couldn't really blame them, Bart and the rest. *Just too many old bastards like me, too few of them to look out for us, no decent jobs for them to do.*

Sometimes, though, he wished he'd just taken a T-38 up high over the Mojave, and gone onto the afterburner, and sugared in on those salt flats. Maybe after Geena had died, leaving him stranded here, that would have been a good time. It would have been clean. A few winter rains dissolving that ancient ocean surface; by now you wouldn't even be able to tell where he'd come down.

Outside the light was flat and hard. He squinted up, the sweat already starting to run into his eyes. Not a shred of ozone up there. The home stood in the middle of a vacant lot. There was a freeway in the middle distance, a river of metal he could just about make out. Maybe he could hitch a ride into town, find a bar, sink a few cold ones. Screw the catheter. He'd pull it out in the john.

He worked his way across the uneven ground. He had to lean so far forward he was almost falling, just to keep going ahead. Like before. You'd had to keep tipped forward, leaning on your toes, to balance the mass of the PLSS. And, just like now, you were never allowed to take the damn thing off for a breather.

The lot seemed immense. There were rocks and boulders scattered about. Maybe it had once been a garden, but nothing grew here now. Actually the whole of the Midwest was dried out like this.

He reached the freeway. There was no fence, no sidewalk, nowhere to cross. He raised an arm, but he couldn't keep it up for long. The cars roared by, small sleek things, at a huge speed: a hundred fifty, two hundred maybe. And they were close together, just inches apart. Goddamn smart cars that could drive themselves. He couldn't even see if there were people in them.

He wondered if anyone still drove Corvettes.

Now there was somebody walking towards him, along the side of the road. He couldn't see who it was.

The muscles in his hands were starting to tremble, with the effort of gripping the frame. Your hands always got tired first.

There were two of them. They wore broad-rimmed white hats. "You old bastard." It was Bart, and that other one who was worse than Bart. They grabbed his arms and just held him up like a doll. Bart got hold of the walker, and, incredibly strong, lifted it up with one hand. "I've had it with you!" Bart shouted.

There was a pressure at his neck, something cold and hard. An infuser.

The light strengthened, and washed out the detail, the rocky ground, the blurred sun.

He was in a big room, white walled, surgically sterile. He was sitting up in a chair. Christ, some guy was shaving his chest.

Then he figured it. Oh, hell, it was all right. It was just a suit tech. He was in the MSOB. He was being instrumented. The suit tech plastered his chest with four silver-chloride electrodes. "This won't hurt a bit, you old bastard." He had the condom over his dick already. And he had on his faecal containment bag,

the big diaper. The suit tech was saying something. "Just so you don't piss yourself on me one last time."

He lifted up his arm. He didn't recognize it. It was thin and coated with blue tubes, like veins. It must be the pressure garment, a whole network of hoses and rings and valves and pulleys that coated your body. Yeah, the pressure garment; he could feel its resistance when he tried to move.

There was a sharp stab of pain at his chest. Some other electrode, probably. It didn't bother him.

He couldn't see so well now; there was a kind of glassiness around him. That was the polycarbonate of his big fishbowl helmet. They must have locked him in already.

The suit tech bent down in front of him and peered into his helmet. "Hey."

"It's okay. I know I got to wait."

"What? Listen. It was just on the TV. The other one's just died. What was his name? How about that. You made the news, one more time."

"It's the oxygen."

"Huh?"

"One hundred per cent. I got to sit for a half hour while the console gets the nitrogen out of my blood."

The suit tech shook his head. "You've finally lost it, haven't you, you old bastard? You're the last one. You weren't the first up there, but you sure as hell are the last. The last of the twelve. How about that." But there was an odd flicker in the suit tech's face. Like doubt. Or, wistfulness.

He didn't think anything about it. Hell, it was a big day for everybody, here in the Manned Spacecraft Operations Building.

"A towel."

"What?"

"Will you put a towel over my helmet? I figure I might as well take a nap."

The suit tech laughed. "Oh, sure. A towel."

He went off, and came back with a white cloth, which he draped over his head. He was immersed in a washed-out white light. "Here you go." He could hear the suit tech walk away.

In a few minutes, it would start. With the others, carrying his oxygen unit, he'd walk along the hallways out of the MSOB, and there would be Geena, holding little Jackie up to him. He'd be able to hold their hands, touch their faces, but he wouldn't feel anything so well through the thick gloves. And then the transfer van would take him out to Merritt Island, where the Saturn would be waiting for him, gleaming white and wreathed in cryogenic vapour: waiting to take him back up to the lunar beach, and his father.

All that soon. For now, he was locked in the suit, with nothing but the hiss of his air. It was kind of comforting.

He closed his eyes.

Stephen Baxter has two new books forthcoming from Harper-Collins this year: *Ares*, a novel about space flight, and *Vacuum Diagrams* (provisional title), a collection of his "Xeelee" stories, many of which appeared first in *Interzone*.

Sleepwalker Sleepwalker Sleepwalker Sleepwalker

Brian Stableford

"**N**ever volunteer", they say in the army – well, they say it in the poor bloody infantry, if not in the officer's mess. It's good advice in its way. What it means is *take no risks*, be satisfied with what you have, be it ever so humble. Except that progress requires risk-takers; it depends on the will-*ingness* of unreasonable men to be dissatisfied with what they have.

I've always been an unreasonable man. "Rather be wrong than orthodox" is what they used to say about me. I don't know what they say now.

It didn't seem like such a big risk at the time. I knew all about Jouvett's research, of course, and I'd always been intrigued by it. Surgical removal of a body called the pons from a cat's brain takes out the censor which switches off the motor nerves while the animal dreams. Pons-less cats act out their dreams; their sleep-life becomes manifest. It was obvious, of course, that the same effect could be obtained without actual surgery, if only one could learn the trick of it. People who talk in their sleep are acting out their dreams, after a modest fashion. Sleepwalkers are acting out their dreams, in a slightly less modest fashion. So it wasn't that much of a shock when Spicer came to me and said: "We've figured out how to do it. Temporary chemical interruption of the censor in the pons. We can get people to act out their dreams in full – all we need is volunteers." Which, roughly translated, meant: "How about it, sucker?"

I said yes. What's so terrible about the thought that you might act out your dreams while being closely observed by a battalion of psychologists? After all, even if I dreamed that I was committing murder, I

wouldn't actually be doing it. Jouvett's cats dreamed of catching mice, but the mice weren't actually there for them to catch – they were imaginary mice, entirely in the eye of the dreaming beholder. It did occur to me that there were things one does in dreams that might be slightly more embarrassing than committing imaginary murder, but in the cause of science one has to be prepared to suffer a little embarrassment now and again.

As things turned out, that wasn't the problem. At least, it wasn't the whole problem.

The most interesting thing that Jouvett's research revealed, of course, is that feline dreams are so damned *sensible*. A cat's dreams provide an arena in which instinctive behaviours can be practised and commonplace mental routines enhanced. Human dreams aren't like that. Human dreams are much more bizarre and much sillier. One theory says that's because humans don't have very much in the way of inbuilt instinctive behaviour, and that the human dream arena is, in consequence, redundant inner space which has run to dereliction. Humans don't need to rehearse inherited patterns of behaviour, so they just have this empty stage where all kinds of rubbish drifts around, accumulating in untidy heaps. Perhaps it's true; I don't know whether my own experience favours the hypothesis or not. I only know that it really doesn't matter.

Spicer's drug worked. It really did cut out the censor in the pons on a temporary basis, with no harm done – no physiological harm, at any rate. Unfortunately, the preliminary experiments with cats and rats didn't show up one interesting side-effect that

was only applicable to humans.

Because of the way in which cats use their dreams, they need to remember them – mental rehearsal is no use if it's all forgotten. Humans not only don't need to remember their strange and silly dreams – it would be a positive disadvantage if they did. Humans, in consequence have a *double* censor built into the cytoarchitecture of the pons, which not only inhibits motor activity but memory as well. Spicer's drug switched off the whole thing. Not only were he and his team able to watch me acting out my dreams; I was able to remember them, in every detail, *exactly* as if they had been lived experiences.

When Spicer and the team first realized this, of course, they were overjoyed. After all, there's only so much you can learn about a dream by watching it being acted out. They only had half of every dialogue and they couldn't see the other entities to which I was reacting. To them, the memory retention seemed like an unexpected bonus – and it is. Perhaps it's more than a bonus; perhaps it's a great boon to humankind, or at least to that fraction of humankind which has the capacity to cherish its dreams and learn from its nightmares.

I used to have a life. One lousy, linear life. One incredibly straightforward, ordinary, *everyday* life. Not any more. Now I have a hundred lives, and a thousand more to look forward to. I used to be a citizen of the world, but now I'm a citizen of the multiverse. I used to be a glorified lab rat with only half a brain, but now

I'm a king of infinite space and I'm using my brain to the full. Of course I have had dreams occasionally – who doesn't? – but even the worst of them can be savoured, knitted into life's rich tapestry.

These days, I can hardly wait to go to sleep, and the biggest bummer of every day is waking up. It's what I used to think of, in my pathetically narrow fashion, as "real life" which seems like a nightmare nowadays, because it's so dull and predictable and so utterly *banal*, like a mental rehearsal for death. Since my dreams became *real* experience, as tangible and meaningful as any other, I've become ten or a hundred times the man I used to be.

And that's why I can't understand why you want to take me off the staff.

So what if I have been stealing from the store? So what if I have been sneaking off to take naps at every opportunity? Can't you see that I'm in pursuit of *real* life and that what you're trying to drag me back to is sheer hell? Can't you see that I'd do anything to preserve what I have now?

If you want my advice you can have it. "Don't knock it until you've tried it" is what I say. *Volunteer*. Do you want to be in the poor bloody infantry all your life?

Brian Stableford's current trilogy of science-fiction novels is being published by Random House/Legend. The first, *Serpent's Blood*, came out last year and was reviewed in *Interzone* 100 by Paul McAuley; the second is due imminently.

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I have been better able to cope with the wonderful world of sf since reading the penetrating "Customer Handling Tips" distributed to civil servants in my wife's office. "Recognize that some members of the public are mad which may influence their behaviour..."

THE DRAGON'S GRANDMOTHER

John Brunner's estate was valued at £251,472, according to the *Daily Telegraph*. The most vacuous obituary opening yet recorded was in *Folk Roots*: "Like so many non-professionals on the folk scene, John was an enthusiastic amateur."

Robertson Davies, who died in December aged 82, was of course a major author both in his native Canada and worldwide. Additionally, he was one of those quirky writers who without actually working in the fantasy genre (though deploying various angels, saints and spirits) have a strong appeal to sf and fantasy fans. I fervently recommend his "Deptford" and "Cornish" trilogies.

Lionel Fanthorpe bounced manically about the Swansea "UK Year of Literature" sf events in December – indeed, shaven-headed and clad in sinister evening dress, he closely resembled a bouncer. Having him as MC when giving a talk is rather like being allotted a high-volume laugh track. The organization was a little weird (what do you do when a million thirsty Terry Pratchett fans crowd into the building for a signing session? Close the adjacent bar, of course), and a large hole appeared in the programming since Bob Shaw had eloped to get married in Ypsilanti, Michigan. But dauntless Lionel replaced the Shaw "Serious Scientific Talk" with a medley of his own songs, including a heart-rendering lyrical summary of the occasion: "Brian Aldiss, Terry Pratchett, / Colin Wilson and the rest, / All our Science Fiction writers / Rank among the very best. (Chorus.) Guy N. Smith and Andy Sawyer, / Ian McDonald – pleased to tell – / Freddie Clarke and David Langford / And Paul Brazier's here as well. (Chorus.)" Later verses drop the names of Pringle, Sneyd and Stableford, though I won't say in what.

Simon R. Green sniffs at the Copy-editor's Raposte to his complaints (see *IZ* 104): "Jokes about the severely disabled? Could this be my comment that one character's actions were as sensible as a leper playing volleyball? Gosh, I'm so ashamed..." The politically conscious Yanks didn't raise an eyebrow, and passed my book pretty much untouched."

Diana Wynne Jones enjoyed an epiphany at the Novacon convention when, after uttering the heartfelt cry, "God, this place is an evil little labyrinth!", she found the other person in the lift was the hotel manager. Actually this Birmingham hotel had a certain bizarre charm, thanks to its origins as a Victorian working men's dooshouse – tastefully recalled by plaques in the restaurant boasting that the walls' dour blue-and-white glazed bricks were a legacy of this room's intended function as (if I remember aright) communal delousing chamber.

Terry Pratchett issued mild, bemused groans upon learning that his books' occasional mentions of sinister black dogs with orange eyebrows had caused dedicated fans to form a Theory: that this refers to the newspaper story recorded in Charles Fort's *Wild Talents*, about the black dog with orange eyebrows which in 1908 said "Good morning!" to two Pittsburgh policemen and then vanished in a thin, greenish vapour. Mr Pratchett conveyed that he was merely alluding to rottweilers and suchlike, meanwhile, on looking up the Fort anecdote I found that it doesn't mention eyebrows. Another legend dies. (This was Fort at his most sceptical, by the way. "You can't fool me with that dog-story," he wrote, since although he could swallow the "Good morning" he drew the line at the thin, greenish vapour.)

Christopher Priest is extremely chuffed that his novel *The Prestige* has been shortlisted (along with novels by Anita Brookner, Kazuo Ishiguro and Ross Lockie) for the £3,000 James Tait Black Memorial prize, fiction division – "Scotland's oldest book award," winner to be announced before you read this. Meanwhile, true to his principles of Unreliable Narrative, he has once again rewritten *The Glamour* for a new US edition...

ANSIBLE LINK



DAVID LANGFORD

Pat Robertson, US born-again loon, recently burst into sf with his apocalyptic novel *The End of the Age* – based on the staggeringly original concept of a giant meteor hitting the Earth! In the drunker sf circles there is worried speculation that Robertson will be competing with Newt Gingrich for the John W. Campbell "best new writer" award...

INFINITELY IMPROBABLE

Ringpull Press, of Jeff Noon fame, was again cast adrift thanks to editorial disagreements between their chap Steve Powell and Fourth Estate – which last year rescued Ringpull from bankruptcy and took it aboard as a Fourth Estate imprint, but has now dumped it. "Editorially we were on different planets," explained Powell. Only three Ringpull titles appeared during the Fourth Estate era, as opposed to 17 in the previous independent year.

Savoy Books brag that their infamous *Lord Horror* by David Britton fetched £220 at the Index on Censorship Auction of Banned Books last November – outdoing first editions by Graham Greene and Salman Rushdie (who was also there, bidding for recordings of James Joyce reading his own stuff).

Philip! A correspondent courageously takes my life in his hands. "Next time you see Peter Morwood, ask him who Philip is, and then run away. Peter and Diane Duane's newest *Batman* animated show lists his first name as Philip, for some reason."

1946 Retro-Hugos for work published in 1945 ... since I mentioned these awards (to be voted this year) it has been pointed out that there might well be an evil British block vote in the non-fiction category, for H. G. Wells's last titles *The Happy Turnings* and *Mind at the End of its Tether*.

Publishers & Sinners. On a personal note: there is something utterly characteristic of the wonderful world of publishing in receiving an editorial letter that begins, "Thanks for all your extraordinary hard work – the book is an absolute masterpiece!" and immediately goes on to talk about the sweeping rewrites that will be needed...

Thog's Historical Masterclass. BCA catalogue blurb for *Robin Hood: The Man Behind the Myth* by "peerless historical sleuths" Graham Phillips & Martin Keatman: "In mythology, aristocratic Robin Hood became an outlaw in Sherwood Forest when Richard I was crusading. This riveting book shares new evidence that Robin was a Wakefield peasant who lived 1500 years later... And that's just the beginning of the revelations..." (Ellipses in original.)

LONNIEMANIA

Don Webb

Mrs Michael McCue
April 27, 1995

Dear Editors:

I am involved in a phenomenal situation that I believe warrants investigation.

It all began about nine year ago, shortly after I got MTV. I discovered that if I closed my eyes I could "see" Lonnie Peters. At first I thought that it was an ocular phenomena and had my eyes checked. My doctor told me that there was nothing wrong with my eyes, but that he had heard of similar cases. He never explained himself further and has since moved away from my community. Shortly after Lonnie's "Chiller" video, the little figure of Lonnie began to dance around behind my closed eyes. At first I thought this was amusing, but then I realized that he could do this only if he were violently insane.

I wrote to the FBI at first they ignored me, but one day when I called the agency, one of their staff admitted that they were getting 800 or 900 complaints a day about Lonnie invading other people's egos. I have since seen President Bush giving him a medal for his aid in the War on Drugs. I realize that the FBI can't help me, because if they unmasked Lonnie's true evil nature it would hurt the President's reputation.

I am hoping that you gentlemen in the Press can unveil this Mystery. There are thousands of us suffering and we need help.

Sincerely,
Mary McCue

Mrs Michael McCue
June 6, 1995

Dear Editors:

There have been many developments since I wrote you last. I know that you were prevented by the money forces that Lonnie controls from printing my letter, but I feel your hearts are in the right places, and so here goes.

I got my daughter the school teacher to let me show my tape of Lonnie's "Chiller" video to her third grade class. I made careful notes on which children were most aroused by the occultnik lyrics and wild dance. Sure enough over the next few weeks these children were the source of all the classroom disruption. I did this near the summer break so that they would have a summer to get over Lonniemania. Not only did the video stir up the class, I had the opportunity to speak to a little girl in the playground. She was pulling the wings off a butterfly and dropping it on a fire ant

mound. I called her over to me. I could see Lonnie in both of her eyes. I asked her if what she was doing was cruel, and she just smiled. The little Lonnie, the one on her eyeballs grabbed his crotch and thrust it at me. I know that he knows what he is doing and that he can see through the eyes of people who have watched his videos. I do not think this is an occult power, but rather an alien one. I think he has come from Outer Space to take over our kind.

I was shopping at the Piggly Wiggly SuperMart on 117 which plays "Muzak" to entertain the shoppers. They were playing "New Palladium" in a soft no vocals version. Suddenly I heard Lonnie's voice, "Don't worry Mrs M. I know what I'm doing. Don't you worry none." There was no one else on my aisle when he spoke to me. I think he is able to target particular speakers for his evil messages. When I got home I heard on the news that there had been a mass shooting so I know who is responsible.

You must understand that I am a simple widow woman, not some kind of nut. I do not read horror even Stephen King. I just happen to be brave enough to write out. Someone must stop this menace.

Also since I wrote you Lonnie has begun to take over my next door neighbour Bill Wallace. Bill is 67. He retired from the Post Office two years ago. He has started wearing a Walkman and listening to Lonnie Peters songs all the time. Bill is too old to like that kind of music. He says that some tapes were mailed to him by accident by his Record Club and that he wound up paying for them, so he might as well listen to them. Since he has started listening to them, he won't talk to me anymore. I used to take him tea and doughnuts in the morning, but now he won't let me in. I went and looked in his window one day when he was at the store. On his bedroom wall he has a Lonnie Peters poster. I know that Lonnie has taken him over to keep a watch on me. I'm covering all the windows of my house so that he cannot see in. I am also for obvious reasons having my phone and TVs removed.

If you want to remain free you'll do the same. May you sneak this letter through so that the thousands under his torment will know that they are not alone!

Your Friend,
Mary McCue

Mrs Michael McCue
June 23, 1995

Dear Mayor Spriet:

I am writing to protest and warn you about the planned Concert at Campbell Memorial Auditorium

for September 18. The entity that operates under the name of "Lonnie Peters" is in fact a Space Alien bent on the destruction of our world. I realize that may come as a surprise to you, but I have discovered psychically that the alien form appearing in the last segment of his MTV video "Mr Cthulhu" is actually his true form achieved without make up or special effects.

I discovered this recently when observing a poster of Lonnie Peters through a window. I discovered that if I stared strongly at the image and then closed my eyes, an after-image of Lonnie appeared in his true form. I realize that others may have discovered this, but that they may have been silenced. I know that you will listen to a citizen of this community, who only has the best interests of the community at heart.

A Good Citizen,
Mary McCue

Mrs Michael McCue
July 5, 1995

Dear Editors:

The Lonnie Peters conspiracy has gone much further than we knew. He is coming to my town, no doubt to destroy me. I have tried to warn the Mayor, but I fear my letter has been intercepted. For the past few days a police car has parked outside my house, while the officers are apparently having lunch. But I have watched them carefully and they are "checking me out." They have also spoke with Mr Wallace next door, and maybe went into his house to listen to some music. Perhaps Lonnie has to have his followers listen to his music every few hours or his control begins to lapse. If that were true, the president could just have all radio stations and MTV shut down for a few days and everything would be all right.

I'm busy collecting more clues as always. The entity called "Lonnie Peters" began to inhabit the body of the young black child known as Lonnie Wilson Peters on April 30, 1966. This year was memorialized as Year One in Ira Levin's book *Rosemary's Baby*. It is no coincidence that the letters of the child's name = 666. The Peters family was already beginning their singing career, and young Lonnie became the hot attraction for them. You no doubt remember the Peters Six. His coming was prophesied by the late John Lennon, who said, "The Beatles are bigger than God." John was the evil John the Baptist and it is no accident that Lonnie has obtained (inherited?) the rights to all of John Lennon's songs.

Mr Wallace never leaves his house without his Walkman. When I try to call out to him, he can't hear me. The other day I ran over to him to remove the alien device, but I saw that it had grown into his ear. I have begun to notice at the mall, and other places that many young people now have these devices grown into their bodies. No one seems to care that these people are being controlled from Outer Space!

I have also noticed that on some nights if I lie on my back and look up at the stars I can now make out Lonnie Peters' face among the stars. I do not think this is coincident. I have tried to point this out to my

daughter, but she can't see it. I think that maybe Lonnie is beginning to take her over too. I hope and pray not, because that would mean that I would be alone in the world except for you.

Please print this so the people will see!!!

Your friend,
Mary

Mrs Michael McCue
July 10, 1995

Dear (?) Editors:

I see that either you are being blocked from printing my letters or that you are yourselves under the sway of the space alien calling itself Lonnie Peters. I have had a similar problem in getting my letters to my childhood beau David Brinkley. Nevertheless the forces of evil shall not deter me! I have discovered that Lonnie's lair is his fabulous Xanadu in Nevada. Here less than 20 kilometres (a metric term) from Groom Lake, best known to UFO watchers as Area 51, he has created a giant geodesic dome connected by a long underground tunnel to a sunless sea grotto, where he supposedly takes ailing children on his sub, the Nautilus. Why I ask you would any right thinking person build a sea in the desert?

What about the trucks that nightly cross the desert near Groom lake? Trucks with no signs proclaiming their allegiance or ownership? No happy Tristate Baking, no normal Affiliated Foods. Trucks which inevitably appear two or three days before "strange lights" are seen in the sky. I believe that hypnotized fans of Lonnie Peters are being shipped to Xanadu before their ultimate destination to a fate worse than death. I will put a stop to this fiend, or my name isn't

Mary McCue

July 17, 1995

I am leaving this note in my hotel in the case of my death or disappearance. The money I have placed with it is to cover xeruxing and distribution costs so that it may be sent to the major media, religious and political groups listed on the yellow sheet. I have come to Groom Lake, Nevada, to investigate the Lonnie Peters phenomena. I am known to most major news agencies by this time, although they have been prevented in directly revealing the data I have already sent to them, except in subtle hidden ways. I am preparing to infiltrate Xanadu, the ultra top-secret home of Lonnie Peters.

I will disguise myself as a bush. I saw this technique used by the LAPD when they handled the OJ Simpson case. As a bush I will slowly approach the dome until I can get within running distance of the geodesic dome known as Xanadu. Then when one of the service ports open I will make a run for it. Inside I have equipped myself with a Polaroid camera to gather such evidence as will reveal the extraterrestrial and evil nature of Lonnie Peters, as well as a small calibre pistol for my protection. If I do not escape the world will know where I made my last

stand, and finally awoken to the seriousness of the situation, gather torches and storm the castle!

ShanNaRonTa

President Lonnie Peters Fan Clubs of North America
August 18, 1995

To the membership:

As the last president promised you in issue #195 of *Lonnie Watch*, the great mystery of Lonnie's charisma is going to be explained at last. At present this news is only for the membership of the Associated Fan Clubs, because as Lonnie revealed to me, "the power of a secret" can have a very beneficial effect on the human psyche. I know that when he revealed his secret to me, it had a strong and rejuvenating effect on me. In fact before I had heard the Word, I hadn't even been (I must confess) a fan of Lonnie's, but knowing what I know now, I am glad to have shed my pre-fan name of Mary McCue and become ShanNaRonTa. I am also glad to have enabled our past president to TataAb, to assume her preferred role as chief moulder, but I get ahead of myself.

Firstly I must explain how knowledge of this secret will change the fan clubs and their effect upon the objective universe. Here's the mechanism: The practical power of this at once simple and obscure idea of mystery was once well illustrated in an episode of the popular American television series, *Unsolved Mysteries*. One day an out-of-work father took his sons fishing in remote forest area where they discovered some stones in the river carved with a variety of arcane symbols. The father and his sons were deeply struck by the signs - What could they mean? Who could have carved them? They went home filled with a sense of mystery and awe. Within a short time business opportunities poured the father's way and the family was soon prosperous. They attributed their good fortune to the power of the stones. (Experts from a nearby university determined that the signs were carved recently and were not Amerindian petroglyphs, although they appeared to be imitations of similar designs.) Indeed, the family had come by their turn of good fortune from the stones - but not because of the particular shapes or qualities of the signs themselves but rather because of the sense of mysterious power which had struck the father and sons upon seeing the stones. Once you know and feel the mystery of Lonnie's origins and destiny, you too will begin to prosper. By knowing that glimpse of reality that your neighbour lacks, a mysterious sense of wonder will drive you. This will lead to greater prosperity among our members, and thusly a greater power for the ultimate goal of our fan clubs, the collecting of all the vinyl in the world.

I had guessed the secret that Lonnie was not like us long before becoming a fan. After all in his "Chiller" video, he says that he's not like other boys. And this secret empowered me to cross the desert and actually break into his home. But that had been his intent, he knew that someone would seek after the mysteries and get a glimpse. I had been a simple old woman and the fact had almost driven me mad.

Lonnie is from a planet in the Constellation of the Little Bear. The life cycle of his species is complex. Every member of his species must create a giant replica of itself on another world out of a substance unique to that time and place. This explains the great stone face of Mars. Lonnie has come to this world seeking to create a giant vinyl image of himself here in Groom Lake, Nevada. To do this he first had to become the number one recording star of all time, so that he could eliminate the waste of vinyl in LPs by introducing the compact disc. Now he has turned his vast fortunes into collecting all the vinyl in the world.

That's where we come in. Now powered by this secret knowledge, we will (like Lonnie) begin making money hand over fist, and we can put some of our new found wealth into buying up vinyl and shipping it to Xanadu. Now for most of you, the idea of aiding Lonnie will simply be enough, but some of you out there may be asking, "What do I get out of this?" Well in addition to the sheer beauty of the world's largest vinyl statue, the giant vinyl face of Lonnie will radiate goodness and peace throughout the world, long after he has returned to his homeworld. Indeed through this strange and miraculous object, all will be made wonderful.

So allow the excitement to rise up in you, and begin your secret mission.

ShanNaRonTa

Allen Bonnie

December 12, 1995

Dear ShanNaRonTa:

I have been a member of the Lonnie Peters Fan Club of Austin since its inception in 1984. I am thrilled by the revelations in your recent letter to the membership, but one thing bothers me. If a member of Lonnie's race built the great stone face of Mars, how come there aren't a lot of Martians around living in peace and goodness?

A. Bonnie

ShanNaRonTa

President Lonnie Peters Fan Clubs of North America
December 30, 1995

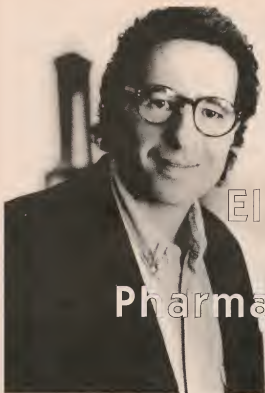
Dear Allen:

That's a very good question, one which no one else in the membership thought of. Please take advantage of the enclosed airplane tickets to come to Groom Lake and discuss the matter with us personally.

Looking forward to your visit,
ShanNaRonTa

(for Allen Varney)

Don Webb last appeared in *Interzone* with "The Surgeons" (issue 97) and "The Flower Man" (issue 99). A native of Texas, he is the author of numerous magazine stories and small-press chapbooks.



Electronic and Pharmaceutical Horrors

Peter James
interviewed by
Gary M. Dobbs

Peter James has been called the quiet voice of British horror, the conscience of the genre. Since his first venture into the category, with the novel *Possession* (1968), he has been vocal in extolling its merits and equally so when condemning what he sees as its ghetto attitude. Always in demand at seminars and public readings, James has made many friends and admirers and – perhaps more than any UK writer currently working within the genre – is redefining the boundaries of what is meant by horror fiction. His subsequent books are *Dreamer* (1989), *Sweet Heart* (1990), *Twilight* (1991), *Prophecy* (1992), *Host* (1993) and now, following a two-and-a-bit-year gap, *Alchemist* (1996).

Not content with writing about vampires, ghouls and other staples of the supernatural (though he's done his fair share) he instead concentrates on subjects such as near-death experiences, computer possession and sinister pharmaceutical menaces, bringing science-fiction themes into his work. His research is impeccable but never too evident. A common fail-

ure in some writers in that sections of their novels seem like non-fiction, with facts force-fed to the reader; not so here, as James skilfully weaves his factual information into the story so that it embellishes the overall work rather than hinders it.

It is usual for an author to run the gauntlet of submitting short stories to the specialist press before making the jump to writing novels. Not so with James, who – though born in Brighton, Sussex, in 1948 – took his first tentative career steps by writing and producing children's TV in Canada, and later dabbling in feature-film production in the United States. Was this a good training ground for the soon-to-be bestseller?

"I think these days that the novel must compete against television, video and even computer games for its survival. Which means that today's novels cannot afford the lengthy preamble you once got in Victorian books – you need to be very punchy, very visual, and grab the reader's attention with the first page, the first sentence even. And, once

they are gripped, you must not let them go for the next 300-plus pages. But working in television, and particularly my involvement with 1970s horror films – such as *Children Shouldn't Play with Dead Things* and *Dead of Night* (also known as *Death-dream*) – was terrific training for me. In particular they helped me to think visually, to see scenes inside my head. It is this talent, I hope, that makes my books readable and accessible to today's generation."

The leap from TV and film to horror/science fiction novels was not instant, and James toyed around with various genres; he even penned a number of tacky spy thrillers for W. H. Allen about 15 years ago – *Atom Bomb Angel* (1980), *Dead Letter Drop* (1981) and *Billionaire* (1982). These were published without much fuss and sank pretty quickly. But the author sees them as vital stepping stones to finding his true voice.

"I'd always wanted to be a writer and the public perception of a true writer is a novelist, regardless of the fact that it is writers who churn out the countless articles and other items that are published each year. I wrote three novels while still at school but mercifully none of these was ever published, and then after spending eight years in television I saw an article in a newspaper saying that there was a shortage of spy novels. I immediately penned a Chanderesque pastiche and to my surprise it was published. That was *Atom Bomb Angel* and it was followed by *Dead Letter Drop* and *Billionaire* – none of which set the literary world alight.

"Then in 1983 the son of some very dear friends of mine was killed in a car crash and they started going to a medium. I went along to one particular seance – beforehand I was told to have a bath and dry-clean my clothes. When I arrived I asked 'why all this about hygiene?' and the medium replied that she thought evil could attach itself to dirt on our bodies or clothes – and seeing as she was going to expose us to the spirit world she didn't want to put us at risk. It was this seemingly obsessive fear of evil rather than the actual seance that led to my first horror novel, *Possession*."

That novel became a bestseller and led on to a series of works dealing with the supernatural and an encouraging progression for Peter James as a writer. No longer is James the hack, working long hours for a quick buck. He still puts in the hours, but the resulting books are carefully crafted and ingenious. My own particular favourite, *Thelright*, uses supernatural

themes very credibly and makes it evident that the author is a believer. I put this to him: is he a mere layman in these matters or an expert dabbler, a kind of real-life Fox Mulder from *The X-Files*?

"I do believe in the supernatural. It's hard to explain my beliefs succinctly. I think we'll eventually have the answer to everything but we're a long way off yet. Also I feel we'll discover there is an intelligence far greater than ours in the cosmos and that this planet is not our natural habitat. But science, medicine and the supernatural have always interested me – which is why I juggle these things in my books."

It may be a disservice to call Peter James a horror writer. The label can prevent an author from being taken seriously, and even as commercially

cent children's book *Getting Wired: A TechnoTerror Tale* is coming out from Gollancz in June."

I forgive Peter the shameless plug and prompt him to carry on: what is he, a horror writer, and if writer, or something else?

"Search me. In the UK I'm called 'Britain's Stephen King' but in the US the critics are calling me 'Britain's Michael Crichton,' and when I wrote *Thelright* someone in the States called me 'Britain's Robin Cook.' Help! I see myself as a writer of technothrillers. But I think the horror genre is ripe for a redefinition that allows it to embrace sf and medical thrillers.

"But, as to the genre being tacky: I think it is only since schlock movies came about that horror has become a 'gutter genre.' Horror is a fundamental part of our literary heritage. And

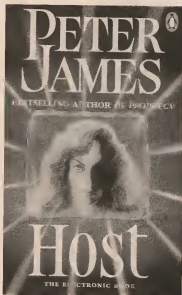
horror has been either the basis or a significant part of the writings of many of our finest authors, poets and playwrights all the way back to Sophocles and *Oedipus Rex*.

"The violence that is intrinsic to the genre interests me. The argument that this may affect our children – well, I think it's too soon to form an objective opinion on that. Maybe we'll be able to look back in, say, 25 years' time at a particular stratum of society and pronounce on the matter with more credence. It is my opinion that too much gratuitous violence may have a numbing effect on people's morality. But I need to be careful here – Shaun Hutson still hasn't forgiven me since my comments in a debate between the two of us on Central Television about five years ago, in which I argued that gratuitous violence debases our genre."

Peter James's new book, *Alchemist*, published by Gollancz last month, mixes ancient folklore with modern themes, even incorporating the internet as a plot element. The book is pacy and yet the reader is enlightened, and somewhat terrified, by the depiction of the power of the modern pharmaceutical industry. Does the author really believe international drug companies are many-headed monsters?

"The original idea for the novel came from the fact that the Medici – the powerful Florentine Renaissance dynasty – had devised an interesting way to retain their domestic staff. They used to give them a mercury-based drink and then feed them a secret antidote at intervals. If they left they very soon died.

"When I was young there were all sort of conspiracy rumours going around. One was that Coca Cola used subliminal messages in their advertising that would have you waking up



successful a writer as Stephen King sometimes suffers from this (unfairly) – as does Peter James. Horror is seen as low-brow and tacky, and as a result some readers of *Interzone* may be inclined to skip this interview (and James's novels) because they think, "I don't read horror, it's cheap and brainless." James comments:

"Pigeonholing can be very difficult. There is such a crossover between science fiction, horror and mainstream *la Frankenstein* horror or sf? How does one categorize Ian McEwan or Ira Levin? I find myself confused – particularly as my sweet and inno-

in the middle of the night desperate for a Coke. And there are rumours now that a certain dog-food brand contains an addictive substance so that your pet pooch refuses all other foods. The stuff of sf, I think!

"And we all take pills of one kind or another, so what if a pharmaceutical company could use its knowledge of genetic engineering to create new diseases? Then there would be a cure all lined up. Maybe our caring chemists are planting new diseases in headache pills or fertility drugs so that you buy more."

So what stance does Peter James take on this issue: are the pharmaceutical companies too powerful to control?

"I believe that ultimately the industry will have absolute control over human life and death. But is it fit for such a responsibility? And what is the scope for abuse?"

"They have brought the world aspirin, penicillin, *in vitro* fertilization, tranquillizers and 'Happy Pills' like Prozac, but also Agent Orange, nerve gas and napalm. Ten years after the devastating effects of Thalidomide were known the drug could still be bought over the counter for use during pregnancy in South America. It's a two-headed thing, and this leads us into genetics: when a newt loses a limb it grows another one; in theory humans should be able to do this too - we have the same DNA but ours is switched off at the genes. There is research to reactivate these genes so that amputees could

regrow lost arms and legs. The same with the aging process: if we switched off the time-bomb genes that activate and age us we could live indefinitely, if not forever. There is serious research going on in these areas."

These hi-tech threats in the new novel are balanced by the more traditional subject of satanism, yet the author treats that subject with equal seriousness. The result is that the book is plausible from all sides. I ask Peter to tell us a little more about the modern types of satanism he researched before writing *Alchemist*.

"Satanism is a recognized religion in the USA. I spoke to the level-headed Canon Dominic Walker, who is the chief exorcist of the Church of England. He told me of the concept of the 'Blood Mare': a woman who is impregnated in order to give birth to babies for sacrifice. Not so very far-fetched - after all, one in 20 births in the UK is not registered, and he had evidence of a crèche for infants for just such a purpose."

"I also talked at length to social workers specializing in satanic abuse. Most have failed to bring successful prosecutions and many have been pilloried for their methods - some rightly so, but very crucial evidence has been ignored. Could the police links with the Masons be a part of this? The link between Masons and Satanists is very strong, much more than the similarities between their key initiation rituals. A lot of people began to wonder when the Italian

banker, Calvi, was found hanging from Waterloo bridge. He had been a member of Italy's most secretive masonic lodge, the infamous P2."

Recently British independent television aired an adaptation of *Prophecy*, penned by fellow horror-and-thriller writer Stephen Gallagher. Did this upset Peter James? Would he rather have adapted his novel himself?

"I was offered the job, but I couldn't face condensing my own work. And I think Stephen Gallagher did a great job with the screenplay, although there was the inevitable loss of some of the suspense. And the viewing figures of 11.1 million can't be bad. I did however have full consultation throughout the writing of the screenplay."

He goes on to say that another of his novels, *Host*, is now being developed as a four-hour mini-series for ABC TV in America, to be directed by Mick Garris (who was responsible for the TV version of Stephen King's *The Stand* shown in the USA in 1995) and to be scripted by Preston Sturges, Jr (son of a famous Hollywood director-screenwriter of the 1940s). With luck, that production should raise the author's profile enormously on the other side of the Atlantic.

Finally, assuming Peter James achieves all his ambitions what, I ask, would he like to be written on his gravestone? He replies with a laugh:

"Happy three-thousand-and-tenth birthday, Peter! You've just had a great review from a fanzine on Mars."

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Alfonso the Wise

Francis Amery

Alfonso the Wise was king of Castile in the 13th century. He is now entirely forgotten but for one attributed remark. "Had I been present at the Creation," he is reputed to have said, "I would have offered some useful advice as to the better arrangement of the universe." It is, of course, mere coincidence that the man who discovered meta-DNA was also called Alfonso – and the coincidence is partly spoiled by the fact that it was his surname rather than his given name.

Professor Alfonso had always felt that life had made a slight mistake in selecting DNA as the carrier of its genetic code. DNA is, after all, highly unstable under physiological conditions. As long-chain molecules go, it lacks resilience; given half a chance it is apt to denature. He realized, of course, that there were advantages to this condition as well as disadvantages. The readiness of DNA to throw a chemical wobbly was, in essence, the root of all mutation, and hence of evolution by natural selection. Anyhow, the ability of DNA to form a double-helix and to serve as a mount for long strings of base-codons was what had selected it out to be the parent of all life as we know it; the more stable natural molecules whose names were legion had no such faculty, and had always been non-starters. All things considered, Creation had done what it could, and hadn't made such a bad job of it. It had, after all, produced Professor Alfonso.

Alfonso reasoned, however, that now that humans had invented genetic engineering, Creation no longer needed a source of random mutations. That job could be taken over by careful planners who could produce useful innovations deliberately, without bothering to

go through all the messy cut and thrust of natural selection. By the same token, he figured, it ought to be possible to design a molecule which Creation had never thought of, which would combine DNA's codon-carrying ability with a bit more backbone.

As soon as organic-molecule design programmes became sufficiently sophisticated, Alfonso and his Cray were on the job – and such was the brilliance of their partnership that they came up with a brand new super-tough coding molecule in a matter of months.

Out of respect for the excellent job that the old model had done during the previous four billion years Alfonso called his new coding molecule meta-DNA, although it wasn't a particularly close relative, chemically speaking. Its greatest asset was that its simplest version retained the same ACGT genetic code that was already built into DNA, which meant that it could actually copy all the codes which already existed in order to build on them further. It was rather like designing an update for a word-processing programme so that it could process all existing documents but also incorporating lots of extra features which could be exploited in further edits.

Professor Alfonso hoped that he might be able to sell his new product as a longevity serum. He reasoned that the one intractable and untreatable aspect of the aging process was the accumulation of somatic mutations and copying errors in DNA. Meta-DNA was much more resilient, and it had the useful ability to colonize the cells of a mature organism one by one, replacing the obsolete programming without any loss of routine function. Because meta-DNA was self-replicating, a single injection would suffice to set in train

Dechlorinating THE MODERATOR

Charles Stross

A Perspective on Particulate 7: HINRG & B-OND
*Venue: Maastricht Hilton Travelodge International
Hotel, 30 March – 2 April 2018*

Yr humbl crrspndnt rprts:

This was the seventh and biggest Particulate. It's fair to say that these cons have come of age; with about 700 guests and maybe 300 walk-ins on the door there's no longer any question that the concom can make ends meet. Indeed they're already hard at work scoping out a venue for Particulate #8.

I checked in on Friday morning to find that about a hundred die-hard geeks had hit the con the night before, and the registration desk's bookings system was toast. The hotel has hosted the last two Particulates, and they knew what to expect; as I arrived two bemused porters were helping a spotty youth hump weird-shaped bits of gear crusted in radiation trefails into the baggage lifts. Everyone had to pass a check at a discreet security booth by the door, to prevent any recurrence of the regrettable incident that nearly wrecked last year's con.

The first thing I noticed in reception was a big whiteboard beside the main lifts. Various messages were scribbled on it, but right in the middle, written in big blue letters, was a notice: DON'T TRY CRITICALITY EXPERIMENTS IN YOUR BEDROOM UNLESS YOU WANT TO TEST THE SPRINKLERS.

I started by checking out the cafe, which was blue with dope fumes by the time I arrived and which got steadily worse until the end of the con (when the Bremsstrahlung Regressives tried to use it as a cloud chamber). The usual suspects were there, sipping cappuccino and smoking like there was no tomorrow. And lo, who should I run into at the bar but my old acquaintance, Doktor Strangelove?

I first met the Dok back at Criticality II (though I'd run across him before on the net). That was back when his home town (Buttfahrk, Ontario) was trying

to prosecute him for attempting to assemble a fissile device within city limits – of which charge, incidentally, he was found not guilty – and it struck me as unusually harsh that a local prosecutor was calling for a 24-year sentence on a guy who was still, basically, a kid. Since then the Dok has done some growing up, and I can safely say that if he wasn't a menace to society then, he certainly is now. Or he'd like to think he was.

Dok: Hiya Betsy, howzit going?

Me: Oh, I dunno. Just got here, dumped my bags, thought I'd take a sniff of the breeze.

Dok: Huh-huh-huh.

Me: Anything cool going?

Dok [pushes glasses up bridge of nose, fidgets with head-up projector on left spectacle frame]: I guess it depends what splices your code. The Fabulous Rubensteins say they're gonna do something weird tomorrow lunchtime during the birds-of-a-feather on fusion experiments, and like Sunday morning word is that Pion Overdrive are building a long column down the banquet hall and coopting some heavy control bandwidth. Should be fireworks, maybe some stray neutron soup boiling off of that if they kick it into the fifty TeV range. And there's some dude from CERN knocking around to give a talk on law'n'order and basement nucleonics. He's kind of weird, but I don't think he's Stazi.

Me: What's with the fusion gig?

Dok [raises eyebrow suspiciously]: Mean you haven't heard?

Me [hastily]: Well, there've been rumours about a breakthrough in self-criticalizing muon-catalysis reactions...

Dok [playing hard to get]: That remains to be seen. Buy me a drink?

Me: I thought you were...

Dok: Minimum drinking age is 21 here.

Me: Okay

That's the way it is. The nerds are on parade. They've always been paranoid about the way outsiders see them. First it was SF fans. Then computer hackers and phone phreaks. These days it's extropians, roboticists, and hard physics geeks. But the character type is the same: very bright, highly strung, defensive about their hobby, competitive within their field. They realize it's not something the rest of society understands or cares much about, but *they* care and that's what makes the difference.

I staggered out of the cafe with my lungs on fire and my eyes streaming and headed for the swimming pool. The swimming pool is a really good place to hang out at a Particulate gig, but it's not worth bringing your swimsuit: it's where the re-enactment crowd get together. A bunch of kids in sarongs and TELLER IS GOD T-shirts were pouring ion-exchange beads into the pool and there was a suspicious-looking bunch of metal piping already sitting in racks on the bottom. The pool looked very blue. When I asked what they were doing they stared at me as if I was crazy: "dechlorinating the moderator," one of them finally deigned to tell me. I nodded and backed out fast; I could see I wasn't wanted.

Opening speech. Some middle-aged American guy in a three-piece suit, probably ex-Wall Street rocket scientist, told the assembled geekswarm that they were the future of mankind. He said it in a voice choking with deep emotion. Physicists always did their best work by 30, and this guy talked about his own career on the SSC project out in Texas, before the Death of Big Physics in the mid-90s. The audience were hushed, as if chastened by the idea of being deprived of their accelerators by fiat.

Next on was a gangling youth named Curtis, in baggy shorts, baseball cap and iguana. (It was green, about half a metre long, and sat placidly on his shoulder throughout the talk.) Curtis talked very fast indeed about the fractal dimensionality of the universe as measured using the Genocide Mechanics' new beat-wave petatron and some really eldritch decay paths they scoped out in a quark-gluon plasma when they cranked it up high enough to fuse the power supply.

"I tell ya, at first I thought it was the drugs, man, but then I realized it was the bats. The vampire bats from beyond spacetime." He was talking about a fractal map they derived for a scalar field decay process; and it *did* look sort of like a bat, if you squinted at it by the light of a lava lamp after smoking too much dope.

Curtis got a standing ovation (whether for the delivery or the message), and the iguana made a mess down the back of his t-shirt. He didn't seem to mind.

Everyone then pissed off to the cafe or the bar, leaving a rather sad-looking Englishman to talk about cross-section derivatives in subcritical masses of plutonium to a nearly-empty auditorium.

I don't remember much about that evening, except that I woke up at ten the next morning with a splitting hangover and three teenagers crashed out in the bathroom suite. Breakfast was black coffee and

codeine, washed down with runny scrambled eggs a la hotel. Back to the programme:

♦ A talk about positronium, the care and feeding thereof, and how to bottle it for storage. One of the problems modern particle physicists face – besides the lack of funding – is that they don't have huge relativistic storage rings any more. The maximum energies the big old synchrotrons could get up to were pretty puny by current standards, but the one thing they were good at was acting as a relativistic reservoir. Stick a bunch of particles with a half life of a billionth of a second into a storage ring at close enough to the speed of light and they'll hang around for tea. But modern accelerators are all linear, and nobody can afford the big metal power bills. The panel discussed various condensation traps and magnetic bottle topologies (including a really weird five-dimensional Klein bottle) but didn't really resolve the issue.

♦ Lunchtime; the Fabulous Rubensteins (who looked more like Shyster, Shyster and Flywheel) presented their pion-catalysed criticality experiment. It was the size of a truck fuel cell, and pumped out four watts of power less than it took to run – but they said it had sucked in 30 watts two weeks earlier, and could theoretically achieve fusion bootstrap and run hot with a bit more tuning. More intrusions from the world of high finance: they cited some algorithms patented by Barclays de Zoet Webb and Whole Earth Systems in their control rig, and a couple of suits from Exxon were seen lurking at the back of the lecture hall.

♦ A speech about the use of financial modelling systems (agoric decision processors – basically evolutionary algorithms used for market simulations) on predicting particle state decay options. A lot of the weird shit the hard physics dudes get up to these days drops back to ground state via some really strange non-deterministic transition states. Zap some of them with enough energy along the way and you get even weirder, less probable, transitions. Financial modelling protocols evaluate particle decay chains in terms of "bid" and "offer" prices on their probability, and give really neat derivatives for that big discovery-killing. (No wonder the guys who wrote that software did well on Wall Street before the Softlanding.)

There was a cool cocktail party that night by the poolside, ghostly blue illumination courtesy of brentkov radiation from the slow neutrons in the pond. I was surrounded by crazed physics geeks and geek-ettes, stoned on the most bizarre mixtures of smart drugs and neurotransmitter analogues imaginable: the introspection mixes actually slowed them down enough for a mere mortal to talk to them and get something interesting back. It was really good. For a while I actually felt as if I understood the Pauli exclusion principle – not as a law handed down from on high, but from the inside out. It didn't last, though. I went to bed, and the next morning the equations were as dry and cracked as the surface of my tongue.

Sunday morning I skipped breakfast. The Pion Over-

drive Grrrls were bolting their petatron together in the banquet hall and I did not feel like receiving an intimate lesson in scattering effects if they got enthusiastic about testing it before the demo. It looked impressive – all of ten metres long.

♦ A seminar entitled: "embedded universes 101," discussing the possibility of creating Linde-Mezhlumian fractally-embedded self-reproducing universes – in effect, mini-Big Bangs contained within pocket black holes – which rapidly deteriorated into quasi-religious ranting when someone in the audience asked a remarkably convoluted question about the practicality of "implementing the preconditions for a Barrow-Tipler strong anthropic cosmology" within the toy universes.

Some time during that last talk my brain underwent a loss-of-coolant accident and melted down. I confess: I'm not a true geek. The theological significance of the Higgs scalar field leaves me cold. I don't really understand how to create a pocket universe, or what it means. I'm just repeating what I heard there. These dudes are beyond it. Way beyond it. Whatever it is.

I wandered back into the banquet hall to see the grrrls demonstrate top quark decay characteristics. It went smoothly and for an encore they manufactured some W's and a handful of Higgs bosons. Then one of their laser stages failed and they shut the rig down. I got chatting to one of them afterwards and it turned out they were using home-brewed chirped-pulse amplifiers bolted straight in front of simple high-giga-

hertz network driver diodes – lasers produced by the million for wavelength multiplexed networks like your cable video system.

I kid you not. Thirty years ago it cost ten billion ecus and a machine 30 kilometres in diameter. Today a bunch of teenagers spend maybe a couple of thousand ecus, build a Rube Goldberg contraption three metres long, and achieve a hundred times the peak energy.

And this is what a Particulate is about. Fast, cheap, and out of control. That law – Moore's Law – used to be just computers. But computers peaked, and now they're stitched into the collar of your shirt to tell the washing machine how much detergent it takes. Next it was biotechnology, but after the cancer fix and the old age hack all the really hot biogeeks went underground... or became merchant bankers. That left physics. The old physicists hit Wall Street, leaving the field clear for the old-time hackers and phreaks.

Raw enthusiasm, and left-recursive universe generators. But they still get carded at the bar and they still can't blow up the world. Physics may have a bad rap these days, but it's harmless enough: a fine subject for kids to get enthusiastic about.

I never did find out what happened to the Vampire Bats from Beyond Spacetime, though.

Charles Stross last appeared in Interzone with "Ship of Fools" (issue 98). He currently lives in Edinburgh, and – as is evident – attends many conferences and conventions.

EVOLUTION

THE NEXT STEP



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Dear Editors:

I've just read André-François Ruaud's letter about French science fiction (*IZ* 102) and I agree with him on most of the points he raises. However, I wanted to tell you that you do know about the *Century XXI* anthology, since you (or someone on the *Interzone* staff) very kindly forwarded all the letters I sent to the authors when I was preparing it. The reason why you may not have been aware of its existence is that there was a three-year gap between the moment I sent the first letters and the moment it was actually published. The second reason is that it was simply never meant to be an "Interzone anthology" – with or without quotation marks. Our intention was to present a selection of the best British science fiction. The anthology's foreword presents a general overview of the evolution of ten years of British sf – I don't think it's wrong to point out that your magazine contributed to its renaissance. (And if we had intended to do an *Interzone* anthology, we would have told you!)

As it happens, Francis Valéry and I are also the editors of *CyberDreams*, a quarterly book-magazine which has so far published short stories from Asimov's, *Analog*, *New Worlds*, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* and *Interzone*, and which has just received the Prix Spécial du Jury du Grand Prix de l'Imaginaire. Our intention is to present the best short-form sf to French readers. This is also the reason why the magazine's companion line is about to publish short-story collections by Greg Egan and Eric Brown.

Apart from that, I would like to add a few details to what André-François Ruaud says about French sf. It is true it is undergoing a kind of renaissance: and a long overdue one it is. Once upon a time, French authors may have laid down some of the foundations of the genre, but one sometimes wonder what they have built upon them. In fact, Michel Jeury, whose books do deserve mention in *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, was our best writer during the 1970s and the beginning of the 1980s, but it has now been ten years since he completely stopped writing sf. As for Sergio Brussolo, it is true that he is very popular – but he has also stopped writing sf and has become our most original horror and dark fantasy author. If we look at the numbers, we see that there are only 25 original novels by French authors published each year in this country – not worth bothering with indeed! So what we have over here is more a renaissance of hope than a renaissance of talent or ideas. (I personally don't believe in wishful thinking, but if some people want to indulge in it,

Interaction



Interaction

they may very well do it.) But perhaps the real renaissance will come: being able to read the best there is should certainly lead authors to raise their standards and produce something different from the semi-experimental pseudo-sf some consider as the real thing.
Sylvie Denis
*CyberDreams, 1 rue Pauche
16100 Cognac, France*

Dear Editors:

I read André-François Ruaud's letter and your response in *IZ* 102 with a great deal of interest, but somewhere between the two there was a question touched upon without being fully addressed: why is it that so little contemporary sf in English comes from authors writing originally in other languages? Could it be that there are, as Sam J. Lundwall put it in 1985, "...hundreds of eminent science fiction works hidden beyond insurmountable language barriers, hidden beyond all those British and US works which during the years have been all too easily available, to such a degree that everything else has disappeared from view." If so, then perhaps *Interzone* could challenge this Anglophone bias by doing a bit of prospecting overseas for a few alien sf gems which may turn out to be not quite so hidden after all.

Why not, for instance, produce a special European issue of *IZ*? Apart from any potential professional interest of my own in such an endeavour, I feel that a selection of stimulating stories in translation would be appreciated by many of your existing readers, could well attract new readers to the magazine and might even encourage a few English language publishers to loosen their blinkers. But what if one of those "insurmountable language barriers" is in fact cost? Then it might even be possible to obtain financial support for such a positive project, one that clearly aims to encourage cross-cultural links and promote linguistic understanding, from the European Community itself. Stranger things have happened.

I would be interested to see a recent copy of André-François Ruaud's fanzine and I would therefore be grateful if you could let me have his address. Many thanks.

Philip Black
(Translator, French to English)
London

Editor: Ruaud's address is 245 rue P. Bert, 69003 Lyon, France. We have in fact published a few foreign-language stories in this magazine over the years – three from Czech writers and one from Japan. In every case, as I recall, the story was "re-Englished" by a leading author, working from a translator's rougher text (the authors who obliged were Michael Moorcock, Lewis Shiner, Bruce Sterling and Brian Stableford). We did not arrange these translations and editings: in each case, the work was done as a favour to the writer concerned by an author who happened to be a friend. I'm afraid we have no funds to pay translators or publishers, nor can we afford the time to "re-English" stories ourselves. We are not averse to publishing more foreign-language sf, but – given our very limited resources – the practical difficulties are considerable. We did consider the idea of a special "European issue" quite some time ago, but it failed to gel. Perhaps it's a job for a one-off Guest Editor with plenty of time on his or her hands. Meanwhile, we'd be interested to know from readers if there is a demand for more foreign sf.

Dear Editors:

I write regarding Gwyneth Jones's review in *IZ* 103. She discusses a selection of books reprinted by the Liverpool University Press, including *Female Rule in Chinese and English Literary Utopias*. She ends her fascinating piece fearing that she must wait a long time for the publication in English translation of Chen Dunsheng's *The Destiny of the Next Life* (*Zaisheng Yuan*) and Li Ruzhen's *The*

Destiny of the Flowers in the Mirror (Jinghua Yuan). Perhaps Gwyneth Jones (and some of your readers) may find the following of interest.

An English translation of *The Destiny of the Flowers in the Mirror* was published in Great Britain by Peter Owen Ltd in 1965 as *Flowers in the Mirror* by Li Ju-Chen (the Wade-Giles romanization of Li Ru-zhen - Li, by the way, is the family name, and Ru-zhen the given name, though how many bookshops recognize this is another matter!). The translation was by Lin Tai-yi, as part of the Unesco Collection of Representative Works, Chinese Series. Arena published a paperback edition of this translation in 1985, ISBN 0-099-35980-4. Unfortunately, as far as I am aware, the Arena edition is out of print, though I see it occasionally in second-hand bookshops. Among the high-street booksellers, Waterstone's, I know, offers a second-hand book-search service. (This is not a plug! My apologies if other chains do the same.)

The Lin Tai-yi translation is not actually a complete version of the *Jinghua Yuan*. I quote from her preface: "I have tried to render a version which will appeal to the general Western reader. The original book has some 400,000 words, of which I have deleted most of the passages which have to do with classical texts and discussions of the Chinese language, dissertations on history, poetry, phonetics, etc., which can be of little interest to the non-specialized reader." She adds, "Where necessary I have written linking material ... giving a synopsis of what happened." Nor, perhaps, is the translation as fluent and readable as it could be. However, it does convey much of the flavour of the original work.

I have never been able to find an English translation of the *Zaisheng Yuan*. It may be, alas, that none exists outside the Far East. However, many Chinese classics are published in (frequently indifferent) English translation by the Foreign Language Press in Beijing. Specialist bookstores, such as Guang Hua in London's Chinatown, carry a fairly extensive range.

Miles Metcalfe
Bromley, Kent

Dear Editors:

I read Thomas Disch's article on William Pierce's book with great interest (JZ 103), but I'm at a loss to see how he or anyone can describe Heinlein, Le Guin and Dick as players of "solipsist mind-games" all in the same paragraph. Dick was deeply fascinated with solipsism; *Time Out of Joint*, *Eye in the Sky*, *Maze of Death* and *Ubik* deal in almost nothing else, and it crops up time after

time elsewhere; but Heinlein? Le Guin?

Heinlein's two time-travel stories "By His Bootstraps" and "All You Zombies" are both solipsistic, as is Le Guin's "Intracorn," but these are slight pieces. Both writers are in general group-oriented to an extreme, and sometimes damaging, extent. Le Guin's invention of mindspeech is symptomatic; it's a form of telepathy used not for espionage or long-distance communication, but to enhance intimacy. Moreover, in *The Lathe of Heaven*, a Faustian moral tale *par excellence*, the genuine solipsist winds up alone in a Hell of his own creation.

As for Heinlein, most of his books are about young people whose ambition is first to be accepted into a superior group, and then to achieve by dedicated effort a high place therein. Remember the "line marriage" in *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*? - and the hierarchical cell structure of the revolutionary group in the same book? No wonder it's one of his most vivid novels! Remember likewise the bitter reflection of Thorby, in *Citizen of the Galaxy*, before his acceptance into the double hierarchy (ship rank and family rank) of Sisu: "Even a slave has equals." On two occasions when a solipsistic character takes centre stage (in *Beyond This Horizon* and *Double Star*) the books turn out to be tales of "the man who learned better"; they both gain enhanced happiness and self-esteem through joining the right group.

But of course, I'm forgetting. Disch is actually quoting H. Bruce Franklin, who has doubtless read quite as much Heinlein as I have, and thought about it much more deeply. He will have spotted what I've spotted, and reached the obvious conclusion: Heinlein was really a solipsist, and all four decades of stuff about families and hierarchies and group loyalty and mutual admiration was so much whistling in the dark. What else would you expect? He's a literary critic, while I'm a mere reviewer. Yours biliously
Chris Gilmore
Bedford

Editor: Heinlein's "solipsism" has become a truism in the critical literature. I can't remember what H. Bruce Franklin had to say about it, but George Edgar Slusser certainly drove the point home in his two Borgo Press booklets, *Robert A. Heinlein: Stranger in His Own Land* (1976) and *The Classic Years of Robert A. Heinlein* (1977) - it all tied in with Calvinism and a sense of predestination, as I recall. Perhaps the sensible point to make is that Heinlein is interesting precisely because he is contradictory. The Kipling-esque "group loyalty" stuff is in fruitful conflict with the solipsism and the notion of Calvinist "elec-

tion" in his work. As for Le Guin's *The Lathe of Heaven*, it is her most atypical novel and was very specifically written as a sort of Philip K. Dick pastiche - wasn't it?

Dear Editors:

Here are my votes in the 1995 *Interzone* readers' poll.

(1) Stories strongly liked.
"A Soldier's Things" by Mike O'Driscoll. A machete through the heart of all the lies we tell about war. Most writers who try to be "mythic" leave me gagging, but here there's no evidence of trying, only the thing itself.
"Dark Lady" by Geoffrey A. Landis. Real people, beautiful writing, and the most important questions in the world taken seriously.

"Giant of Japanese Film and Chinese Sky" by Jen Lars Jensen. An utterly inspired and unforced metaphor, with great casting.
"The End of the World is Nice" by Ian Lee. Every line made me smile.
"Bloom" by Michael Blumlein. A bizarre, poetic and moving evocation of the strange strangeness of being flesh.

"Sunflowers" by Kathleen Ann Goddard. Luminous prose, tantalizing metaphysics, and the narrative arc of a whole novel made to work in a fraction of the length.

(2) Stories strongly disliked:
"Bluebeard" by Piers Anthony. All the tension, all the moral complexity, and all the disturbing insights into the dark side of human sexuality of a peek on the cheek from a haddock.

"Man, Born of Woman" by Jennifer Swift. Redneck sexism rides again. "But one thing was certain: I had already become more like a man."

"Bagged 'n' Tagged" by Eugene Byrne. Mike Leigh wants his Evil Cardboard Yuppie back for *Naked II*.

Greg Egan

Perth, Australia





Sword & sorcery has been getting a bad press recently, for at least three reasons: because of its popularity people of meagre talent or none take it up, producing hasty, ill thought-out hackwork which is marketed by publishers whose contempt for the form and their readership alike is all too apparent; because of its literary antecedents it is subject to stereotyped plotlines, heavily dependent on magical McOuffins and quests of a contrived nature; and for the same reason the humour is often dour in its lack or dire in its execution.

It is therefore harder than it should be to praise Darrell Schweitzer's *The Mask of the Sorcerer* (NEL, £5.99), for any plot summary must make it sound depressingly run-of-the-mill. The youthful hero, Sekenre, is marked from the first pages as having hidden potential which he neither wants nor understands; he is given a sword of symbolic significance and special powers, plus the ambiguous blessing of a sybil; and by the end of the second chapter he is packed off on a quest into the land of the dead.

What is the superlative of bog-standard? Yet in fact this book is something quite exceptional, less for the language (though Schweitzer's is immaculate) than for the command of mood and atmosphere. I felt that I was hearing the voice of a man who combined intensely human qualities with a truly alien outlook to express a *Weltanschauung* removed from our own experience more by time than space. For Sekenre's world is not wholly unfamiliar; it's based loosely on Egyptian myth, and makes such pervasive use of Egyptian symbols (including the reeds, the river and the crocodile) that one knows Sekenre, for all his humanity, could never attune himself to such western symbols as the wheel, the wave or the chariot.

The effect is to make the magic far more realistic than is common – as is necessary, for it is not wheeled on and off for effect, but permeates his life. It's a uniquely uncomfortable magic; unlike the more familiar Aryan, Semitic and Oriental modes, which have to do with propitiating and/or controlling spirits, powerful artefacts and one's inner divinity, its principal mode is the propitiation/manipulation of dead people, who may appear as walking corpses or indwelling ghosts, but are never less than fearful. Sekenre not only has a sorcerer for a father, his thinking is steeped in the Egyptian books of the Dead and of Dreams, so that magic threatens him not with the unknown, but with encounters the more distressing for being familiar in outline. His own character balances the magic; the inner conflicts he faces are based on the familiar triple bind of duty, love and destiny but they draw him into

Uncomfortable magics

Chris Gilmore

realms of arbitrary wildness, where the *Bildungsroman* of a living youth must be played out by dead men's rules.

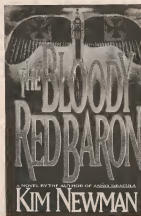
As must happen in any good *Bildungsroman*, Sekenre encounters the wisdom, wickedness, generosity, venality and folly of mankind; as must also happen he comes by self-knowledge, not least when his own affections are aroused, but for him that is clouded and distorted by knowledge derived from the procession of dead magicians who dwell within him, rather like the ancestors of Herbert's Paul Atreides. As he goes on his way he is told myths and fairy tales (which sometimes come pouring from his own mouth) much in the manner of Gene Wolfe at his best. Indeed, had this book come to me anonymously I'd have attributed it to Wolfe, nor am I alone in my appreciation. It flaunts encomia over the mighty names of Tarth Lee and Gene Wolfe. You may feel those render my own two bits gratuitous, and you may be right;

but I'll add (since Wolfe's too modest to say so himself) that Sekenre is a hero fit to stand beside Severian from *The Book of the New Sun*, and the Palace of the Sorcerers is a locale to stand comparison with the House Absolute from that book.

I think the greatest pleasure in writing parallel-world stories must lie in the invention of alternate roles for real characters, both historical and contemporary. Kim Newman indulges it mightily in *The Bloody Red Baron* (Carroll & Graf, £21; forthcoming in the UK from Simon & Schuster), but delights even more in doing the same for characters from popular literature. Thus Edgar Poe (no longer wishing to be known as Allan, and now become a vampire) is a major viewpoint, and Isadora Duncan is there, performing a striptease which goes well beyond anything feasible for a mere mortal, and this version of World War I features such grace notes as the burning at the stake of Edith Cavell; but minor characters include Simon Templar, G.I., Bulldog Drummond, Scoopy (who meets a fitting end) and most of all Biggles.

The inevitable effect of all this is to lure the reader away from the story into an endless game of spot-the-reference (and note-the-lapse, unfortunately; Ginger and Bertie belong to a later phase of Biggles's life, and Robur was an enthusiast for helicopters, not airships). This is so much a book about books that I found myself, like a reviewer of anthologies, fretting at the omissions. No Graves? No Owen? William Brown was beginning to be active at that time – William the Vampire, now there's a thought! And how about the bloodlust of Billy Bunter, the fat bat of Greyfriars' Remove? Tearing myself away I found an enjoyable thriller underneath. It concerns the efforts of Charles Beauregard, senior luminary of the Mycroft Holmes's Diogenes Club and British Intelligence, and his agent, Edwin Winthrop, to find out what exactly is going on in the Château du Mahinbas, temporary base of the Richthofen Circus but also the laboratory of Dr Caligari and his sinister American sidekick, Herbert West. Thither comes Poe, commissioned to ghost an autobiography of the Red Baron, so there is obvious scope for a good time to be had by all.

A bloody good time, indeed, for most of the major characters are vampires, and quite open about it – since the events of *Anno Dracula* it's become fashionable, what with a vampire king served by a vampire prime minister – a relationship which (with the will of the electorate on the back burner) seems set to endure forever. With so many about, Newman can indulge himself with vampire





qualities as varied as the morphology of pedigree dogs, and as subject to snobbery. Who "turned" you will do much to determine your powers (of telepathy and shape-shifting, for instance), your vulnerabilities (to garlic and crucifixes, for instance) and your social standing. Thus Poe's is low, for he was turned by an *uncanny*, while that of Mata Hari (the direct creation of Vlad Tepes himself) is high, but not high enough to save her from a eight-man firing squad (one leaden and seven silver bullets – Newman offers quality ornamentation).

So far, so good; but after a lot of careful build-up, and despite a well-balanced mix of viewpoints, Newman throws it all away with a culpably weak climax – less of a plot development than a prolonged *fantasia ex machina*, with the side-effect of keeping the principal villain offstage when he's needed most. It's so badly done that I wonder if it's done on purpose; to illustrate the fatuity of war by means of a suicidally fatuous objective correlative. If that was Newman's aim it's the more to be regretted – the message should never be allowed to vitiate the medium, and the consistently good characterization, visualization and suspense-writing flood this single weakness with a savage light.

For me the most powerful scene in Colin Kapp's *The Dark Mind* is the one where a man who has been killed with nerve gas is briefly revived for a last interrogation before he is allowed succor. Greg Egan's *Distress* (Millennium, £16.99) begins with such a scene, though predictably enough the physiological description is far more gruesome and detailed. Otherwise it breaks new ground for Egan, putting me in mind of D. G. Compton's *The Unsleeping Eye*; the hard science and the philosophy are as strong as usual, but the mood is darker and the tone more combative. The coinage "guccione," meaning anything that's all hip and no brain, presumably indicates Egan has given up on *Omni* – which is *Omni*'s loss.

Andrew Worth, a popular-science tele-journalist, heavily computerized but too cyber for punk, is a typical Egan viewpoint; an observer of the human scene, preserving his human bearings as best he can in a volatile and frenetic world which he understands far better than most, but nothing like well enough for comfort. But this time Egan also offers an explicit mouthpiece of his own – Violet Mosala, 27-year-old mathematical genius, whose Theory of Everything looks to be the front runner, and who, with her explicit contempt for Afro-centrism and feminism alike, must be a prime target for bagots of all persuasions.

Worth, licking his wounds after a gruelling TV series documenting the

human tendency to dehumanize itself by scientific means, sees in the prospect of running a feature on the sane and charming Violet the chance of much-needed rest after the "frankenscience" that has been his daily fare for far too long, and in the best tradition of the techno-thriller is sadly disappointed.

Unfortunately, so was I. *Distress* is not a long novel, and it lacks the hard focus of *Permutation City*. Egan has crammed in too much to gel properly. The philosophy and metaphysics are mainly packed into the first half, with the betrayals, assassinations and military incursion in the second, but on the way Egan starts an irrelevant hare based on an unsuccessful short story (which works no better this time than last) and brings in an intrusive and risible maimed romance when Worth falls in love with an asex – someone who had once been male (or female) but is now a neuter straight out of Samuel Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah." Had he fallen in love with an hermaphrodite, or suddenly discovered his own latent homosexuality, we would have had a situation of tragic potential, but to love an asex offers only the pathos of the man in John Collier's story who fell in love with a window dummy.

This badly damages Worth's credibility as the man who becomes centrally involved with the central idea, which is the strong anthropic principle (here called anthrocentrism, and

with Wheeler but not Tipler credited). If a successful Theory of Everything is promulgated and understood, will not the conditions for the universe to have been created in its image been fulfilled? And if there are several contenders, each without internal flaw or observational inconsistency, is there not still the ultimate prize to play for? The chance to impose one's prejudices on the metric frame of the universe – that's a prospect to bring out the megalomaniac in anyone!

This book is far too ingenious, and the ideas are far too interesting, to be ignored; but artistically there's too much clutter for it to work perfectly, either as a thriller or as a novel of ideas. Moreover, Worth makes the gross error of presenting a utopian vision in the epilogue. It's just as boring as everyone else's utopia – we fallen creatures don't want the Garden of Eden, however much we hanker after the Garden of Earthly Delights.

The definition of the fantastic is, like most definitions, fuzzy at the edges. Logically it should include all events that deny the validity of what is loosely called "the natural order," which I would define as an implicit acceptance of certain propositions, including: the validity of the conservation laws, that effects not only follow causes but do so in a manner which is (if only in retrospect) demonstrably implicit in them; that free will and indeterminacy between them prevent absolute foreknowledge of the future; and that the worlds of the living and the dead do not interact.

Such negative approaches are generally adequate, but they tend to fall down when the natural world is approached from an implicitly fantastic viewpoint, as in Sylvie Germain's *Night of Amber* (Dedalus, £8.99; translated by Christine Donougher), which begins in a French village of excentrics, much scarred by World War II. Most unfortunate of all as Pauline Peniel, whose beloved elder son, Jean-Baptiste, is killed in a hunting accident. Her five-year-old second son, Charles-Victor, sees her grief as a rejection of himself in favour of the corpse, and thereupon dedicates his life to punishing her for that betrayal. And when, late in life, she bears a daughter, Baileyna, he devotes himself to estranging her affections.

These are elements, not of fantasy but of hyper-realism, that so many highly imaginative hysterics and obsessives should be found in the same locale stretches probability near breaking, but does not deny the natural order. Yet there are also hints of a nameless, chthonic power, possibly awoken by the endemic insanity, which arises to violate it, as when a hurricane blows up, powerful enough as to sweep cuts and dugs from the





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ground, but not too powerful for Pauline to make her way to the graveyard on foot, where she finds the fruit of the yew tree stripped by the wind but swirling round it as if in a whirlpool. Believe that and you'll believe crop circles are a natural phenomenon, yet Germain's intention is plain enough: her book is about incursions of the miraculous into common life by way of the insane, and an explicitly supernatural visitation preserves her deranged anti-hero from suicide at the climax.

Thus theme continues when Charles-Victor, by now known as Night-of-amber-Wind-of-fire (a nickname which doubtless reads better in French, but puts me too much in mind of "Wall of Crystal, Eye of Night"), goes to study at the Sorbonne. We are told nothing of his teachers or fellow students, but plenty about the mad and/or bad characters with whom he associates by night, including a paranoid who believes he has witnessed a massacre of Arabs that somehow never got into the papers, a street performer who is anal-retentive to a fatally literal

degree, sundry deviants who cluster round a drug-dealer and the various women whom Charles-Victor fucks and ill-treats. For he is no less crazy and vicious than anyone else, which is the great weakness of the book – there is no baseline of normality to which the peculiarities of the rest can be related, so that Charles-Victor is less of an anti-hero than he sounds; the heroic pattern which he ought to negate or distort is absent.

In due course, to prove himself, Charles-Victor orchestrates the ritual murder of Roselyn, a young man he has befriended, for no better reason than that Roselyn is a high-octane

nerd. After it's too late he disproves himself with a half-hearted repentance that does not extend to going to the police and makes him no more interesting.

As one might expect, Germain's visualization of her character is first-class and her descriptions of his crazy visions have plenty of vigour and imagination, though little new to say – inevitably, as the mind of a madman is by definition crude compared to one who is sane. By coincidence I was reading this book on the day the "Confession" of Stephen Wilkinson was published, and the only serious difference was literary – Germain's treatment was incomparably more vivid, but the central character was just as dull, because just as weak-minded.

And that, ultimately, is the problem with the whole book. Dreadful things happen to many people, and Germain plays a fine game of parallels, but there are no responses other than hysteria, the effect is to celebrate, not the power of the emotions, but the weakness of the will.

Chris Gilmore

Orson Scott Card's *Pastwatch: The Redemption of Christopher Columbus* (Tor, \$23.95) is easily the weightiest book, in both senses, of the four to hand. Set in a parallel Earth in which all our problems are supposedly solved, it starts with the traditional sf notion of a group of time-travellers who wish to change the past – except in this case they know, or believe, that changing the past will instantly cause the complete non-existence of the world they live in. The first half of the book describes their gradual realization that their world is far from perfect, and their increasing determination to change their past, in particular to wipe out slavery.

Their world is facing its doom, and they decide to send a party back to intervene in Columbus's voyage and persuade him to do the right thing: Columbus himself is the dominant character, and most of the second half of the book is exactly concerned with his redemption. The interventionists from the future set him up to realize that Christianity is incompatible with slavery and imperialism.

Expressed that baldly it sounds trite, but don't let that put you off. This is a book that is worth reading. It wasn't until I got about three-quarters of the way through that I realized that none of the major characters in the "future" section are white Europeans (they are mostly Africans) – and most of them are women. If I was paranoid about "political correctness" I think I'd object to this book. But I'm not, so I won't.

The one thing that didn't ring true is the readiness of the protagonists, and their whole society, to annul

Re-Mythologizing the American Past

Ken Brown

themselves to bring a better world into being. I suspect that most people would have carried on regardless. If you read no other book by Card this year, read this one. It is part of his work of re-mythologizing the American past, more closely related to the "Alvin Maker" books than his obvious sf, and it is flawed but almost brilliant. Perhaps, just possibly, the next century will look back on Orson Scott Card as the man who re-wrote the history of America. He's certainly trying.

As for *An Exaltation of Larks* by Robert Reed (Tor, \$21.95), I was tempted not to comment at all because there is so little good I can say about it. Some university students in the US in the 1970s are visited by a turtle from the end of the universe. It seems that the inhabitants of the last days are able to travel back to the past, thus prolonging their own experience at the expense of the whole universe, which thereby ceases to exist (this is the only plot item it shares with the Card book). As they are so well suited-out they can remain alive for the billions of years it takes them to get back to the End, and try again. Someone has

decided that everyone can have only one go at this temporary immortality, so any time-traveller who has had two goes must be hunted down and prevented from surviving to the End.

The book turns on the identity of some of the characters – are they irrelevant ordinary humans, noble one-time travellers or slimy two-timers? The idea is stronger than its execution; but by the time I found out, I didn't care. This one does have some sexy bits: they make more sense than the rest of it.

In her latest anthology, *Off Limits: Tales of Alien Sex* (Tor, \$22.95), Ellen Datlow rounds up the usual suspects. For an American book this has an astonishing number of British writers, Anglophile writers and *Interzone* contributors – among others Scott Bradfield, Simon Ings, Brian Stableford, Lisa Tuttle, Neil Gaiman and Gwyneth Jones.

It is billed as a sequel to *Alien Sex* (1990) but, as the editor points out, it has to deal with "the physical dangers of sex" – AIDS, of course, but also the more traditional circumstances of childbirth, prostitution and promiscuity. This is not an erotic collection. If you were looking for something to inspire a few masturbatory fantasies you might well find it, but you'd have to read through a lot of thoughtful, well-argued and plain unpleasant fictions to get there. As well as the new stories there are some reprints, notably "The Ready Trip" by Robert Silverberg (who also supplies an introduction). That's the one about the alien in the hotel, and it's worth reading.

The story that's likely to stick in

my memory is "The Lucifer of Blue" by Sherry Coldsmithe. Not necessarily a fantasy or sf story at all, set in the Spanish Civil War (and explicitly referring to Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*), written from the point of view of a prostitute, it combines a realistic view of the Republicans with a literal demonization of the Fascists. Americans didn't use to write sf about stuff like that: I hope they write more. Perhaps this anthology will live on in our collective memory as a record of how dismal sex can seem to be in the 1990s.

Reviewing One for the Morning
Glory by John Barnes (Tor, \$22.95) is one of the hardest things I have had to do lately. It's only fair to say that I picked it up and couldn't put it down. I enjoyed it more than any other fiction I have read for at least a year. But I strongly suspect that that is just me; it so happened

Late in 1995, *The Sci-Fi Channel* was made available on cable TV in the Brighton area. Billed as a "cable exclusive" in *Cable Guide*, it is listed by *Radio Times* as a satellite channel for four hours a day (in the early hours of the morning) but available 24 hours a day on cable.

So, what is an offer? To be brutally honest, precious little real "sci-fi" or "sf". Real science fiction does not work if you remove the sf elements. Much TV sf is what I term "quasi-sf", in that the stories would work perfectly well without the sf trappings – even the venerated *Star Trek* in all its manifestations teeters occasionally on this edge.

In the mornings there are TV series that I have never heard of or seen, called things like *G-Force*, *Space Angel*, *Galaxy Rangers*, *Jason of Star Command* and *Robotech*. These are followed around midday by quasi-sf TV series that I have seen before (and never wish to see again), for instance *The Invaders*, *Lost in Space*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *The Invisible Man*, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, *The Bonic Woman* and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*. Weekdays, this stuff goes on all afternoon. Weekends, there is a film in the afternoon, followed by more of goop, and then, every evening, there are a couple of higher quality offerings – *Thriller*, *The Ray Bradbury Theatre*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents...*, even *Swamp Thing* and *Musfits of Science* have their moments – followed by another movie at 8.00pm, then more slightly higher quality series, followed by the 8.00pm movie again at midnight, then cleeedown till 8.00am.

So what, if any, of this would make you want to subscribe to *The Sci-Fi Channel*? Well, certainly not the movies. In the first week I was connected, they showed *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* around twenty times.

that it exactly fitted what I was thinking and feeling when I started to read it. It fitted in with the bedtime story I was making up for my six-year-old daughter.

In a fantasy world that is perhaps something like the 15th century, and perhaps something like the far future, and perhaps something like James Branch Cabell's *Posteems*, Prince Amatus of the Kingdom (is there any other?) drinks the Wine of the Gods, due to a sad mattention of

his nurse and the Royal Alchemist. It is said that "a child who tastes the Wine of the Gods too early is only half a person afterwards" and he grows up to be literally half a man. The only problem is no one can work out which half is missing. Like a haeroglyph, he is only seen in profile. He is given four strange Companions, all of whom must die, disappear or diminish to reclaim his lost half.

The Kingdom is invaded. Terrible deeds are done. Right triumphs over Might after extreme difficulty. You've read it all before. So have I. That's part of the point. The Kingdom is the sort of place that responds well to people who read the right books in childhood. In this case the right books might include *Hamlet*, the works of Cabell, and Joan Aiken. The general atmosphere is reminiscent of *The Princess Bride* by William Goldman. I loved it. You might not. I couldn't possibly comment... **Ken Brown**

Sci-Fi Pie in the Sky

Paul Brazier



(of course, all satellite channels do this – but the other channels do show more than one movie at a time!). Since then, the film selection has been mostly horror – *The Alligator People*, *The Return of the Fly*, *Phantom of the Opera*, *Firestarter*, *Snowbeast*, *Hellgate*, *Tremors* – or dire old sf – *Invasion Earth*, *Aliens from another Planet*, one personal favourite, *Conquest of Space* and, most recently, the appallingly self-consciously meta-post modern, unconsciously copied, *Back to the Future II*.

The drama in the evenings (when I watch most) is good, but rarely sf. *The Ray Bradbury Theatre* is excellent. Introduced by Bradbury himself, each episode dramatizes one of his stories and the multi-national group that produces the series contributes discrete programmes – one evening the episode was produced and set in New Zealand, the next in Birmingham, and the next the U.S. Typically, the stories are fascinating, but rarely sf. *Thriller* is a series of hour-long dramas from the 1950s, introduced by Boris Karloff. Again, there are few fantastic elements, but the standard of production and acting is high. The same is true of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents...*, a series I used to watch avidly in the 1960s.

One good idea was to show snippets of interviews with famous sf people between programmes. But after I had

seen Ray Harryhausen's rambling reminiscence of the first time he met Ray Bradbury for the sixth time, it seemed plain that this idea had died for lack of new material. Currently, the channel is showing the unfunny spoof cable news snippets from 50 years in the future first seen in the UK on Channel 4's sf night last year.

The style of transmission is also very annoying. Opening credits roll, then there is an advert break. In half hour programmes, the drama then continues unbroken to the end, then there is an advert break before the closing credits. Thus I deduce that it comes from America. It is only a deduction because nowhere is there a station address that would allow me to write to them. And this channel needs feedback. One of its problems is that it can't compete on its own terms. The deal by which I subscribed also gave me access to all the Sky Movie channels (I already had the basic cable service, which includes Sky One). And every time I was vaguely tempted to watch something on the sci-fi channel, there would be a better sf offering elsewhere. What I hoped for from a sci-fi channel was that all the things I want to see would appear together on one channel. What I got was a channel that doesn't show any real sf.

Meanwhile, sf proliferates elsewhere. Some version of *Star Trek* is showing nearly every day, *The Prisoner* is currently being reshown, and new shows are appearing – even the execrable *Sliders*, a modern parallel-world take of *Time Tunnel*, is worth watching once.

I want to let *The Sci-Fi Channel* know about this, but I can't. So if someone shows them a copy of this review, I'd be really pleased. Because I want a TV channel devoted to my favourite genre – I want to see them succeed.

Paul Brazier

The following is a list of fantasy and horror titles, and books of related interest, received by Interzone during the month specified above. Official publication dates, where known, are given in *italics* at the end of each entry. Descriptive phrases in quotes follow titles are taken from book covers rather than title pages. A listing here does not preclude a separate review in this issue (or in a future issue) of the magazine.

Alexander, David. **Star Trek Creator: The Authorized Biography of Gene Roddenberry**. Foreword by Ray Bradbury. Bantam, ISBN 0-7522-0792-X, xxi+599pp, C-format paperback, £12.99 (or £8.99) (Biography of the sci television-series producer; first published in the USA, 1994; there is some confusion about the price; the book itself states £12.99, while the accompanying publicity matter says £8.99; if the former price is correct, then this paperback is only £3 cheaper than the same publisher's hardcover edition, released at the end of 1994) 16th November 1995.

Alexander, Lloyd. **The Castle of Llyr**. "The Chronicles of Prydain, Part Three." Mammoth, ISBN 0-7497-1774-2, x+172pp, A-format paperback, cover by Mark Robertson, £3.50. (Juvenile fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1966; Alexander's Welsh-favoured kids' fantasies have become accepted as classics on much the same level as Lewis's "Narnia" books.) *Late entry: 16th November publication, received in December 1995.*

Alexander, Lloyd. **The High King**. "The Chronicles of Prydain, Part Five." Mammoth, ISBN 0-7497-1786-6, 223pp, A-format paperback, cover by Mark Robertson, £3.50. (Juvenile fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1966) 21st December 1995.

Alexander, Lloyd. **Taran Wanderer**. "The Chronicles of Prydain, Part Four." Mammoth, ISBN 0-7497-1785-8, 187pp, A-format paperback, cover by Mark Robertson,

£3.50. (Juvenile fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1967) 21st December 1995.

Ballard, J. G. **A User's Guide to the Millennium: Essays and Reviews**. HarperCollins, ISBN 0-00-255552-2, 304pp, hardcover, £18. (Non-fiction collection by a major sf writer, first edition; it gathers together, mainly short, written for magazines and newspapers between 1962 and 1995, and is divided into sections headed "Film," "Lives," "The Visual World," "Writers," "Science," "Autobiography," "Science Fiction" and "In General"; since the unbound proofs were described here some months ago, two things have been added: an autobiographical essay entitled "The End of My War" which appeared in the Sunday Times in August 1995, and a reliable guide, highly recommended.) *Late entry: Spring (?) 1995 publication, received in December 1995.*

Barker, Clive. **Incarnations: Three Plays**. HarperCollins, ISBN 0-00-225404-2, xvi+366pp, hardcover, cover by the author, £15.99. (Horror/fantasy play collection, first published in the USA, 1995; it includes three early plays, written by Barker before he gained fame: *Colossus*, *Frankenstein in Love* and *The History of the Devil*; there is an eight-page introduction by the author in which he describes the semi-amateur production of these plays in London in the early 1980s.) 25th January 1996.



Barron, Neil, ed. **Anatomy of Wonder 4: A Critical Guide to Science Fiction**.

Introduction by James Gunn, Bowker, ISBN 0-8352-3288-3, xxiv+912pp, hardcover, no price

shown. (Copiously annotated bibliographical guide to sf books and films, and to materials about sf; previous editions appeared in 1976, 1981 and 1987; contributors include Paul A. Carter, Thomas D. Clareson, Michael M. Levy, Joe Sanders, Brian Stableford and Gary K. Wolfe, this is the biggest and best *Anatomy* yet, with a considerable amount of new material added, including a section on science-fiction poetry — but, in order to make room, the coverage of foreign-language sf has been dropped [it took up some 200 pages in the last edition]; a reliable guide, highly recommended.) *Late entry: Spring (?) 1995 publication, received in December 1995.*

Bennett, Colin. **The Entertainment Bomb**. New Futurist Books [72 New Bond St., London W1Y 9DD], ISBN 1-899690-01-8, 274pp, C-format paperback, £7.99. (Satirical sf novel, first edition; the author is known as a playwright and has written one previous novel, *The Infamyman's Fear of Open Country* [Fourth Estate, 1990], his new book is described as "a futuristic vision of what will happen when junk entertainment finally takes over our minds," and represents more far-out Irishry from this new publishing house [their first title was *Memoires of the Irish Irish War* by Phil O'Brien, reviewed in Interzone 99].) 1st February 1996.

Bisson, Terry. **Pirates of the Universe**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-BS412-9, 288pp, hardcover, \$22.95. (Sf novel, first edition; proof copy received; Bisson seems to be keeping something of the spirit of Pohl & Korn-

bluth's 1950s science-fiction satires alive — another "magificent smart aleck," in the words that Tom Disch once used of P & K.) April 1996.

Brin, David. **Brightness Reef: Book One of a New Uplift Trilogy**. Orbit, ISBN 1-85723-361-1, 643pp, hardcover, cover by Fred Gambino, £16.99. (Sf novel, first published in the USA, 1995; reviewed by Ken Brown in Interzone 103.) 18th January 1996.

Brin, David. **Sundiver**. Orbit, ISBN 1-85723-370-0, 340pp, A-format paperback, cover by Fred Gambino, £5.99. (Sf novel, first published in 1980; the first of the original "Uplift" novels.) 18th January 1996.

Calder, Richard. **Dead Boys**. St Martin's Press, ISBN 0-312-13957-8, 199pp, hardcover, \$20.95. (Sf novel, first published in the UK, 1995; proof copy received; reviewed by Paul McAuley in Interzone 94.) March 1996.

Clarke, I. F., ed. **The Tale of the Next Great War, 1871-1914: Fictions of Future Warfare and of Battles Still-to-come**. "Liverpool Science Fiction Texts and Studies." Liverpool University Press, ISBN 0-85323-469-B, xvi+382pp, trade paperback, cover by Michael Mattingley, £12.95. (Sf anthology, first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen], it contains Sir George Chesney's celebrated novels "The Battle of Dorking" [first published in 1871, and still very readable: one can see where Wells got some of his inspiration for *The War of the Worlds*], together with 15 other pieces of futuristic fiction which took their cue from Chesney over the following four decades; the better-known authors include Conan Doyle, George Griffith, Jack London, A. A. Milne and Albert Robida; with its period illustrations, scholarly introduction and detailed author notes, this is a handsome volume — and one to be commended.) *Late entry: states "September" on*

the review slip, but received in December 1995

Clute, John, and Peter Nicholls, eds. **The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction**. [2nd edition.] St Martin's Griffin, ISBN 0-312-13486-X, xoon+1386pp, trade paperback, cover by Chris Moore, \$29.95. (SF encyclopedia, first published in the UK, 1993; the original edition, under the general editorship of Peter Nicholls, was published by Granada in 1979; this paperback differs from the 1993 UK and US hardcover printings in that 16 pages listing "New Data, Typographical Errors, Factual Corrections, Miscellanea" have been added to the end; if you don't already have a copy of the book, this is the edition to get: it's reasonably priced for its size, it's the essential single-volume reference work on SF—and, as has been pointed out, it's bigger than the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*!) *Late entry* 22nd November publication, received in December 1995.



Chorizan Imagination and Fantasy by Robert A. M. H. Collins and Martin H. Greenberg

Collins, Nancy A., Edward E. Kramer and Martin H. Greenberg, eds. **Dark Love**. "Twenty-two all-original tales of lust and obsession." Introduction by T. E. D. Klein Hodder & Stoughton, ISBN 0-340-65442-2, x+402pp, C-format paperback, £9.99. (Horror anthology, first published in the USA, 1995; it contains new stories by Michael Blumlein, Ramsey Campbell, Basil Copper, Ed Gorman, Stuart Kramsky, Stephen King, Katha Poja,

Richard Layman, John Shirley, the late Karl Edward Wagner and others.) 4th January 1996.

Cook, Glen. **Bleak Seasons: The First Book of Glittering Stone**. "The Sixth Chronicle of the Black Company" Tor, ISBN 0-312-86105-2, 316pp, hardcover, \$23.95. (Fantasy novel, first edition; proof copy received.) April 1996.

Garfinkle, Richard. **Celestial Matters**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85934-1, 348pp, hardcover, \$23.95. (SF novel, first edition; proof copy received; a debut book by a new American writer, it's described as "ancient hard SF," set in "an alternate-history Ptolemaic universe.") April 1996.

Hoban, Russell. **Fremder**. Cape, ISBN 0-224-04370-6, 184pp, hardcover, £14.99. (SF novel, first edition; proof copy received, it looks to be a reality-twisting space opera, and, although short, it's probably Hoban's most fully-fledged SF book since *Ridley Walker*.) March 1996.

Hoban, Russell. **The Troieville Way**. Cape, ISBN 0-224-04631-4, 117pp, hardcover, £10.99. (Juvenile fantasy novel, first edition; proof copy received, two new books by Hoban in the space of two months!) 2nd May 1996.

Lackey, Mercedes. **The Eagle and the Nightingales**. Voyager, ISBN 0-00-648036-5, 410pp, A-format paperback, £4.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1995.) 8th January 1996.

Leech, Ben. **A Rare Breed**. Pan, ISBN 0-330-33719-X, 388pp, A-format paperback, cover by Fred Gambino, £5.99. (Horror novel, first edition; "Ben Leech" is a pseudonym of Stephen Bockwett.) 26th January 1996.

McCallfrey, Anne. **The Girl Who Heard Dragons**. Cor-



gl, ISBN 0-552-14436-3, 383pp, A-format paperback, cover by Steve Weston, £4.99. (SF collection, first published in the USA, 1994.) 4th January 1996.

May, Julian. **Magnificat**. "Book Three:

The Galactic Milieu Trilogy." Knopf, ISBN 0-679-44177-8, 431pp, hardcover, \$24. (SF novel, first edition; proof copy received.) 13th February 1996.

Miller, Sasha. **Ladybird**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85050-1, 384pp, hardcover, \$23.95. (Fantasy novel, first edition, proof copy received; it has a Japanese cultural background.) March 1996.

Moorecock, Michael. **Blood: A Southern Fantasy**. Morrow, ISBN 0-688-14362-8, xiv+337pp, hardcover, cover by Dorian Vallejo, \$22. (SF fantasy novel, first published in the UK, 1995; reviewed by Dave Kendall in *Interzone* 92.) *Late entry* November publication, received in December 1995.

Moorecock, Michael. **Jerusalem Commands**. Phoenix, ISBN 1-85799-187-7, 577pp, B-format paperback, £6.99. (Historical novel by a major fantasy writer, first published in 1992, third in the "Colonel Pyat quartet" [originally announced as "Between the Wars," though that series title seems to have been dropped], reviewed by Ken Brown in *Interzone* 69.) 2nd January 1996.



Oberndorf, Charles. **Foragers**. Bantam/Spectra, ISBN 0-553-29695-7, 424pp, A-format paperback, \$5.99. (SF novel, first edition; proof copy received.) 11th March 1996.

Palmer, Maria. **Libra: The Inheritance**. "Horrorscopes." Mammoth, ISBN 0-7497-2652-0, 121pp, A-format paperback, £2.99. (Juvenile horror novel, first edition; "Maria Palmer" is a house name for this series based on the signs of the zodiac; this volume is copyrighted to Anthony Masters.) *Late entry* 16th November publication, received in December 1995.

Palmer, Maria. **Scorpio: Shadow**. "Horrorscopes." Mammoth, ISBN 0-7497-1859-5, 159pp, A-format paperback, £2.99. (Juvenile horror novel, first edition, "Maria Palmer" is a house name, and this volume is copyrighted to Andrew Matthews.) *Late entry* 16th November publication, received in December 1995.

Parrinder, Patrick. **Shadows of the Future: H. G. Wells, Science Fiction and Prophecy**. Liverpool University Press, ISBN 0-85323-449-3, xii+170pp, trade paperback, £14.95. (Critical study of Wells and SF; first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen]; it was announced as a volume in the "Liverpool Science Fiction Texts and Studies" series, but they have omitted to mention that on [or in] the book itself; several of the nine chapters in this interesting work first appeared as papers in *Foundation*, *SF Studies*, *The Wellman* and elsewhere.) *Late entry* states "July" on the review slip, but received in December 1995.

Rawn, Melanie. **The Ruins of Ambrak: Exiles, Book One**. Macmillan, ISBN 0-333-34419-6, 922pp, hardcover, cover by Michael Whelan, no price shown [probably circa £16.99]. (Fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1995, unbound proof copy received, yes, it's 922 pages long.) 23rd February 1996.

Rees, Christine. **Utopian Imagination and Eighteenth-Century Fiction.** "Studies in 18th and 19th Century Literature." Longman, ISBN 0-582-06736-7, vi+296pp, C-format paperback, cover by Arthur Rackham, no price shown [probably circa £12.95]. (Critical study of 18th-century [and earlier] utopias and satires, first edition, there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen]; the term is nowhere used, but what this is, essentially, is a study of 18th-century science fiction. Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* is the central text discussed [see the relevant letter from Dr David Rain in *Interzone* 104], but many other early examples of the genre are mentioned, including some — such as Joseph

Hall's *Mundus Alter et Idem* [1605] and Simon Berington's *Goudenbo di Lucco* [1737] — which it's difficult to find detailed descriptions of elsewhere, this is an intriguing and useful work which fills a hole in proto-sf history, and it's just a shame that the prevailing literary snobbery prevents the author and publisher from using the dread phrase "science fiction" anywhere [it seems Darko Suvin, the leading light of S-F Studies, wrote in vain, though he is mentioned in the bibliography — barely].) Not actually received for review bought for £3 in a Brighton second-hand bookshop in December 1995, but copyright-dated "1996," so presumably



someone else's unwanted review copy of a book to be published in January 1996.

Telotte, J. P. **Replications: A Robotic History of the Science Fiction Film.** University of Illinois Press, ISBN

0-252-06466-6, vii+222pp, trade paperback, \$13.95. (Critical study of sf films, first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen]; it's described as being "on the cutting edge of film theory and cultural studies," concentrating on cinematic images of "the robot, the android, the cyborg, the replicant". American books are still so much more reasonably priced than British ones,

even illustrated academic works such as this. \$13.95 works out to about £9 [though postage will need to be added], whereas if it were a British publication it probably would be priced at £14.95, those interested in ordering it should contact University of Illinois Press, 1325 South Oak St., Champaign, IL 61820, USA.) Late entry: 13th November publication, received in December 1995.

Wells, Angus. **Exile's Children.** Millennium, ISBN 1-85798-289-4, 582pp, hardcover, cover by Mick Posen, £16.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1995; there is a simultaneous trade paperback edition [not seen].) 2nd January 1996.

Anderson, Kevin J., ed. **Tales from Jabba's Palace.** "Star Wars." Bantam, ISBN 0-553-50413-4, xvi+427pp, A-format paperback, £4.99. (Sf movie-spin-off shared-world anthology, first published in the USA, 1995; it contains original stories, all taking their inspiration from George Lucas's films, by A. C. Csapin, George Alec Effinger, Esther M. Friesner, Barbara Hambly, Judith & Garfield Reeves-Stevens, Jennifer Roberson, Kathy Tyers, Dave Wolverton, Timothy Zahn and others.) 4th January 1996.

Bason, Terry. **Johnny Mnemonic.** "Based on the story and screenplay by William Gibson." Voyager, ISBN 0-00-648046-2, 246pp, A-format paperback, £4.99. (Sf movie novelization, first published in the USA, 1995.) 8th January 1996.

Clarke, Arthur C., and Gentry Lee. **Rama Revealed.** "The magnificent conclusion to the story of Rama." Orbit, ISBN 1-85723-252-6, 635pp, A-format paperback, £5.99. (Sf novel, first published in 1993; third of a shared-cropped trilogy [mainly by Gentry Lee] based on Clarke's original novel *Rendezvous with Rama*.) 18th January 1996.

SPINOFFERY

This is a list of all books received that fall into those sub-types of sf, fantasy and humor which may be termed novelizations, recursive fiction, spinoffs, sequels by other hands, shared worlds and sharecos (including non-fiction about shared worlds, films and TV, etc.). The collective term "Spinoffery" is used for the sake of brevity.

Kube-McDowell, Michael P. **Before the Storm: The Black Fleet Crisis, Book One.** "Star Wars." Bantam/Spectra, ISBN 0-553-57273-3, 309pp, A-format paperback, \$5.99. (Sf movie spinoff novel, first edition, proof copy received.) 8th March 1996.

Lucas, George, Lawrence Kasdan and Leigh Brackett. **Star Wars: The Scripts.** "For the first time, the complete continuity scripts of the classic film trilogy." Bantam, ISBN 0-7522-0766-0, 186pp, very large-format paperback, £14.99. (Collection of sf movie scripts, first published in the USA, 1995; there is a 16-page section of colour illustrations [film posters], the term "continuity scripts" implies that these are not shooting scripts, as produced in advance by the screenwriters, but literal transcriptions of what is seen and

heard in the final cuts of the movies.) 4th January 1996.

McQuarrie, Ralph. **The Illustrated Star Wars Universe.** Text by Kevin J. Anderson. Bantam Press, ISBN 0-593-03925-4, 208pp, hardcover, £20. (Sf movie-related art book, with text describing various imaginary interstellar and planetary locales; first published in the USA, 1995; although McQuarrie, who worked on the films as concept artist, is credited as primary "author," some of the illustrations are by other artists, notably Joe Johnston.) Late entry: 9th November publication, received in December 1995.

Mangels, Andy. **Star Wars: The Essential Guide to Characters.** "The only detailed, illustrated, comprehensive guide to the major and minor characters of the Star Wars universe." Del Rey, ISBN 0-345-39535-2, xi+199pp, very

large-format paperback, \$18. (Illustrated guide to imaginary persons and entities in the Star Wars sf movie series [and their spinoffs], created by George Lucas, first edition, it contains a hundred and one entries.) Late entry: 1st November publication, received in December 1995.

Nichols, Michelle. **Beyond Uhura: Star Trek and Other Memories.** "She inspired a generation." Bantam, ISBN 0-7322-0787-3, 320pp, C-format paperback, £9.99. (Autobiography of the actress who played communications officer Lieutenant Uhura in the sf TV series *Star Trek*: first published in the USA, 1994, described as "the first African American woman to have a continuing role on television," she has a more interesting tale to tell than most actors in the series.) 7th December 1995.

Watson, Ian. **Chaos Child.** "Warhammer 40,000." Bantam, ISBN 0-7522-0772-5, vii+259pp, A-format paperback, cover by Mark Craven, £4.99. (Shared-universe role-playing-game-inspired sf novel, first published in 1995; sequel to the same author's *Inquisitor and Harlequin*.) 7th December 1995.

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HARM'S WAY – "What if Charles Dickens had written a space opera?" (Locus) – large paperback, £3.50. *The Hour of the Thin Ox* and *Other Voices*, paperbacks, £1.50 each. Prices include postage. Colin Greenland, 2a Ortygia House, 6 Lower Road, Harrow, Middx. HA2 0DA.

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SFBC – does anyone collect SFBC books? I have almost 200 of them. The majority are in the 1964-80 range. They all (except three vols.) have dust covers and are in good condition. Any offers? Please write D. Bradbury, 25 Four Acres Close, Nailsea, Bristol BS19 2YF.

WRITERS WANTED for a new professional fantasy/SF magazine. SAE for guidelines. Hologram Tales, 39 Scone Field Road, Old Coulsdon, Surrey CR5 2HP.

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"QUITE BEAUTIFULLY PRODUCED AND ILLUSTRATED..." the production values are stunningly good... puts many professionally produced magazines to shame." So says *Matrix* of Paul Beardsley's *Substance* magazine. Issue 3 now available, featuring Stephen Baxter, Molly Brown, David Pringle, Peter Garratt. £2.50 for a single copy, £9 for a four-issue subscription, payable to Neville Barnes at 65 Conbar Avenue, Rustington, West Sussex BN16 3LZ.

BRIGHTON AREA readers of *Interzone* are welcome to join us on Friday nights at The Mitre, a friendly pub on Baker Street (near the Open Market). A few of us meet from 9-11pm, in the smaller of the two rooms, for informal drink and chat. You'll recognize us by the copies of *IZ* or other sf publications lying around – so come along and make yourselves known. (Editors.)

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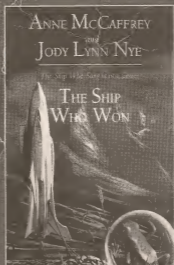
COMING NEXT MONTH

One of our senior imaginative writers, J.G. Ballard, recently passed his 65th birthday. He has a big year ahead, with the Cronenberg film of *Crash* due for release in the summer and a new novel, *Cocaine Nights*, coming in the autumn. Our next issue will be a Ballard special, with a new short story from him and some interesting non-fiction. Plus fiction by other hands, and many of our usual features. So watch out for the April *Interzone*, number 106, on sale in March.

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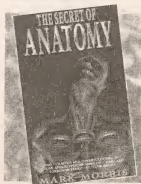
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Message in a bottle

Published this month for the first time in paperback is Mark Morris's latest terrifying tale

The Secret of Anatomy (£5.99). A message in a bottle written over 40 years ago, leads David Fox into a search for the writer of the message. David's investigations bring him into contact with The Flux, a secret, supernatural society.

Mark Morris is the author of *Toady* and *Stitch* and is being talked about by those in the know as THE exciting new voice in horror fiction. A mild and pleasant man in person, he has a dark and twisted imagination which takes him and the reader into truly frightening territory. Perhaps we should leave it to the master of terror, Clive Barker, to tell you about *The Secret of Anatomy*. He described it as 'Finely crafted and powerfully written... an apocalyptic journey into dark and forbidden territory.' What more can we say?

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Johnny Mnemonic, wetwired data courier, reckons he's seen it all. Until he's hired by the Vietnamese for a special job. Unfortunately, the data stored in his brain is stolen, and the owners want Johnny's head – attached or separate, whichever is easier.

William Gibson's short story has now been turned into a major motion picture starring Keanu Reeves and Dolph Lundgren. And to coincide with the film's release, *Voyager* are publishing two titles; a novelisation of the story by top author Terry Bisson (£4.99) and the original short story and script by William Gibson, together with a selection of colour stills from the movie in a collector's edition (£16.99).



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